THE AMERICAN WEST

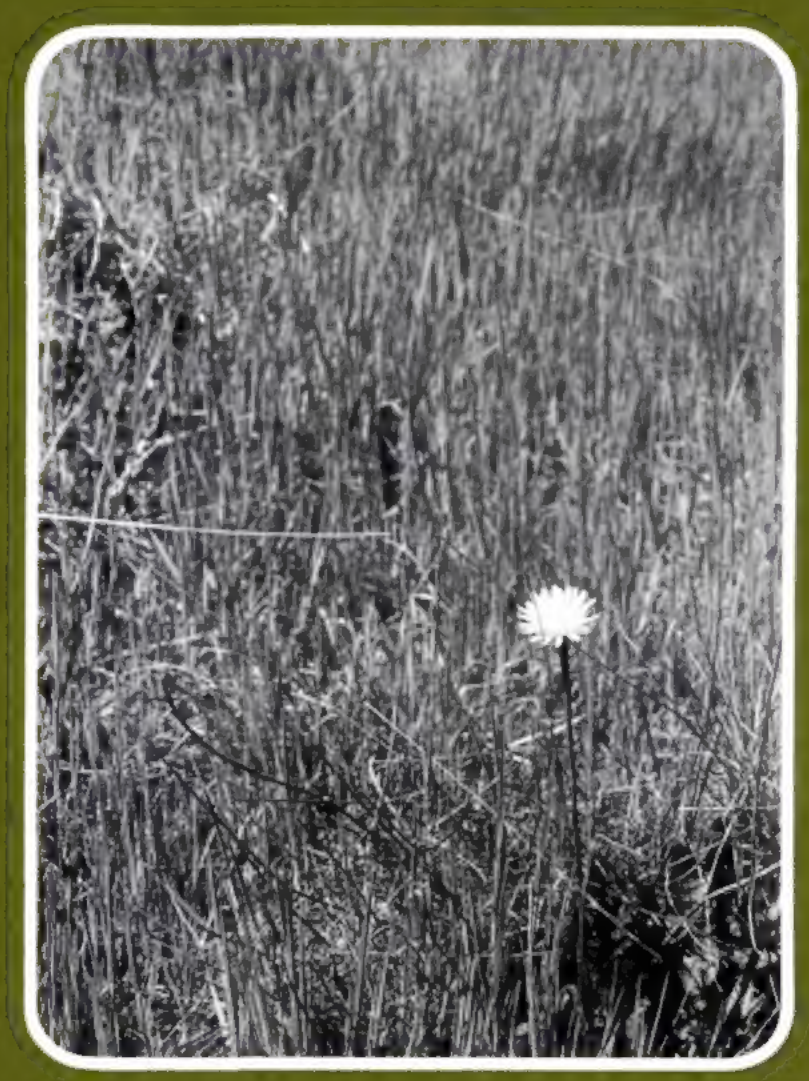
"Longs Peak," the subject of this quarter's cover, was painted in New York by German-American artist Albert Bierstadt in 1877, from sketches he made while on a trip to the Estes Park area of Colorado at the invitation of the colorful Earl of Dunraven, who at the time was trying to convert Estes Park into a baronial estate. The Earl paid $15,000 for the huge landscape, which was sketched from the vantage point of his Fish Creek cottage, and depicts the Twin Sisters (at left) and Longs Peak with Mount Meeker (at right).

In 1955 the Denver Public Library located the painting and bought it for $5000. It now hangs in the reading room of their Western Department.

THE
AMERICAN
WEST

Announcing an Expanded Publication Program

See page 64



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THE
AMERICAN WEST

Magazine of the Western History Association

Fall 1966, Volume III, Number 4

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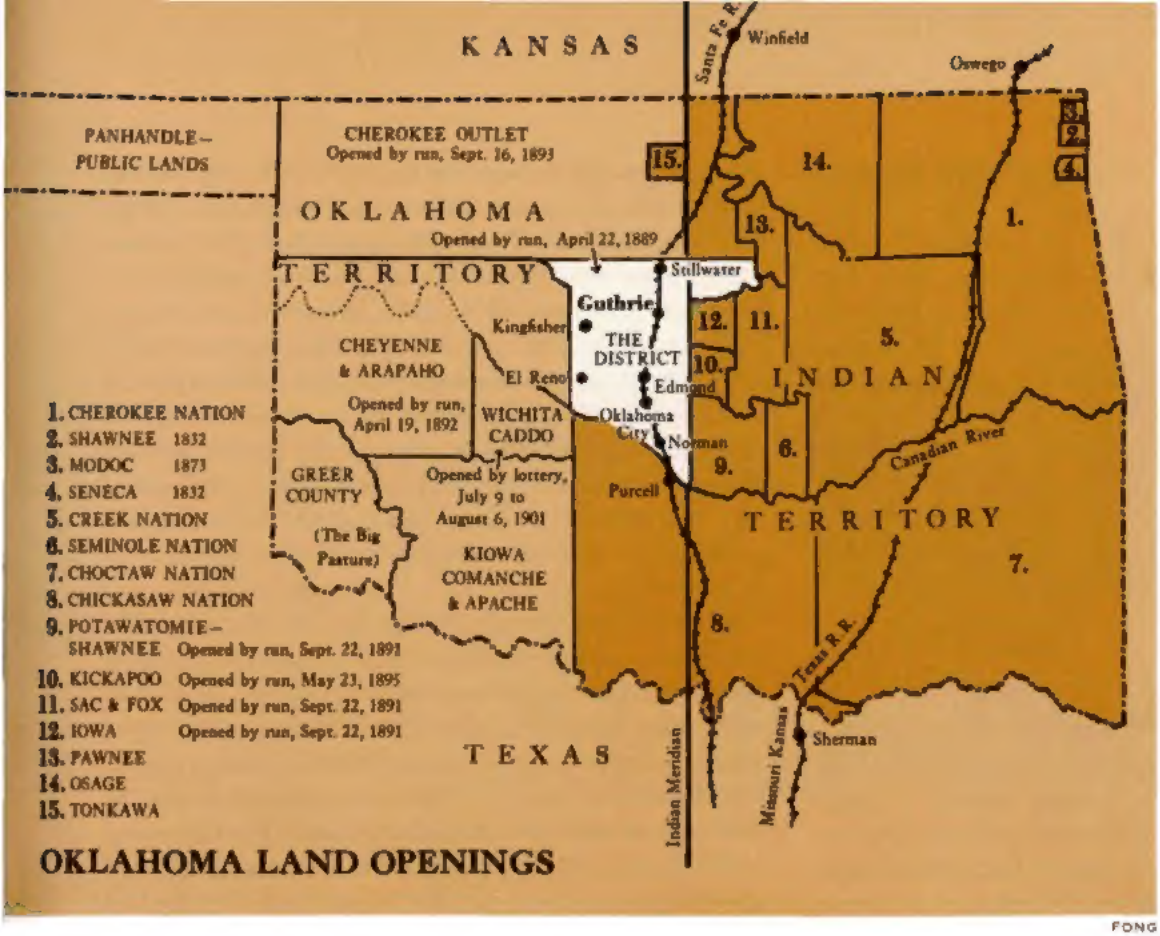
RUSHING FOR LAND
OKLAHOMA 1889

BY W. EUGENE HOLLON

The legal fiction of reserved areas for Indians, areas from which white landowners were excluded, began with the Proclamation Line of 1763 and continued in various forms until the final settlement of Oklahoma. During this 130-year period the inexorable pressure of the white American ground away at Indian territories, and as soon as the chance of gaining clear title was advanced—and frequently before—homesteaders moved in. Thus, the frontier advanced Westward at a haphazard rate of approximately ten miles per year.

Against this idea of the inevitable advance of the frontier (in fits and starts and skips and jumps, to be sure) is the general assumption that the prearranged opening of Oklahoma was unique or at least most unusual. The fact is that there were several land rushes of this intriguing variety both before and after the Oklahoma opening, some equally dramatic and all triggered by the removal of some regulation that had held back settlement until a precise moment of release.

One such rush was the opening of the Sac and Fox lands of central Iowa. In 1837 the Federal government guaranteed ownership of these same lands to the Sac and Fox "as *long* as the grass grows and the waters run." But land-hungry whites could not be denied their destiny, and no sooner were the boundaries of the new reserva-



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tion drawn than "boomers" and whiskey-peddlers began filtering in. These trespassers continued to "boom" the rich Iowa lands for settlement until the Federal government finally legalized their actions. The Preemption Act of 1842 paved the way for the opening of the eastern half of the reservation on May 1, 1843. Rules and regulations by which the settlers could acquire title to new farms were fairly explicit, except for the exact hour of opening. Since May 1 began one minute after midnight of April 30, home-seekers started instantly.

As the time approached, an army of fortune-hunters gathered in wagons, on foot, and on horseback at the starting line which bordered the reservation. A company of dragoons held them back until the signal was given by rifle fire. They then rushed into the darkness amid as much confusion and danger as it was possible to imagine. By lantern and torch light they drove sharpened sticks into the ground, blazed trees, and erected stone boundary-markers in all directions. Daylight revealed a maze of conflicting and overlapping claims, not to mention strips or "gores" of unclaimed territory between the lines. Compromises followed quickly and with a minimum of quarrels. By the end of the first day every foot of ground belonged to white settlers. Before the end of the first month more than 5,000 people had moved into

April 22, 1889: Along the line in the Cherokee Outlet. The last dab of grease has been worked into the axle hub, the horseman has kicked his pony in the belly and cinched in the last non-existent slack. Dead silence. The commander of the troopers drops his arm . . .

the "New Purchase," many coming too late to acquire a farm or town lot.

Only two years elapsed before the pressure for additional lands brought a repeat performance. What had once been the domain of the Sac and Fox eventually came to be thirty-five prosperous counties in present Iowa. Meanwhile, the scene shifted to wherever there were lands that the whites wanted at a particular moment. Frequently, the discovery of gold triggered the rush to a new El Dorado; at other times it came as a result of propaganda by private land speculators and railroad companies. Later, the discovery of oil or the opening of new irrigation lands touched off land booms, and men rushed in with a great sense of urgency and optimism.

None of the booms compares with the opening of the Sac and Fox reserves in Iowa so much as the several Oklahoma land rushes. In both Oklahoma and Iowa the lands were taken from the Indians only a few weeks previous to the opening; both rushes were carried out under the supervision of the army and involved thousands of people who literally picked out their homesteads or town lots on the run; and each was over in a matter of hours.

Oklahoma, once considered part of the Great American Desert, had seemed an appropriate place to locate all of the Indians of the old Southwest. The eastern half was settled before the Civil War by "civilized tribes" living in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and Florida. The western half eventually was divided into reservations and assigned to Southern Plains Indians and assorted small tribes assembled from various parts of the United States. For one reason or another a two-million-acre tract in the center of Oklahoma—originally part of the Seminole and Creek reservations—was never occupied. After free homesteads became scarce elsewhere, this region, popularly called "the District," would prove too tempting for land-hungry whites to ignore.

Most of the Oklahoma tribes had entered into treaties with the Confederacy at the outbreak of the Civil War. Though they hardly had an alternative, the Federal government punished them for their disloyalty by forcing new treaties upon them. Among other things the Indians were to grant right-of-ways for railroads across their reduced reservations. Two main lines, in addition to several smaller ones, eventually crossed Oklahoma en route to Texas. The railroad companies, however, were unable to obtain the customary subsidy of ten to twenty sections of land for each mile of track, as did most of the other western railroads in the post-Civil War period. Moreover, whites were forbidden to settle in the territory, and since the Indians made rather poor customers, many of the train trips across Oklahoma proved to be "dry runs."

Railroad authorities naturally denied the charge, but the evidence that they ultimately hired men to break into Oklahoma and establish settlements in defiance of Federal laws is rather conclusive. The first band of boomers was led by an Indiana adventurer named David L. Payne, who arrived in Kansas as early as 1878 and began to make speeches on the subject of invasion and possession of the District. Payne organized a land company and sold shares at five dollars each. By the spring of 1880 he had recruited about twenty-five men who were willing to follow him below the Kansas line and establish a town. They called the place "Ewing," but it never amounted to more than one small cabin. Before other buildings could be constructed, a company of army troops arrived and arrested the entire population. Payne and his followers were immediately hailed throughout Kansas and Arkansas as heroes, and a jury failed to convict them. The publicity of the whole affair encouraged subsequent invasions.

Between 1880 and 1884 squads of boomers regularly by-passed the troopers stationed along the Kansas border, located lands in the District, and subsequently suffered ejection by the military. Payne personally led a total of seven expeditions, the largest of which involved more than 600 men, women, and children. Arrested and imprisoned for the last time in August 1884, he died of a heart attack at Caldwell, Kansas, while making plans for his eighth invasion. But the boomer business continued, and others took over the leadership. By now the demands for opening the District to permanent settlement were so persistent that Congress no longer could ignore them. Nature also came to the aid of the boomers in the form of the most severe winter on the Plains in recorded history. From November 1886 through March 1887 one blizzard followed another from the Canadian border to

the Rio Grande. Temperatures plunged to forty and fifty degrees below zero, wiping out entire cattle herds and virtually bankrupting the ranch industry.

The summer of 1887 proved equally devastating to prairie farmers as hot winds withered their crops and choked out the sun with dust clouds. Thousands abandoned their Kansas and Nebraska homesteads and headed in covered wagons toward the promised land of Oklahoma. Blizzards and dust storms went on throughout the next winter and summer, and the exodus of displaced persons continued.

By the first week of April 1889, at least 10,000 boomers had collected along the southern border of Kansas, not all of whom were victims of the recent droughts and blizzards. By this time Congress already had legalized the opening of the District to homesteaders, the event to take place at high noon on April 22. Stretching along the southern boundary of Kansas was the Cherokee Outlet, a strip of land sixty miles wide and two hundred miles long claimed by the Cherokees. The District lay between the southern border of the Cherokee Outlet and the South Canadian River, a distance of approximately fifty miles. It was bordered on the east by the "Indian Meridian" (97°20′) and on the west by the 98th meridian.

Dividing the thirty-five-mile-wide strip into almost equal sections were the tracks of the Santa Fe Railroad, which extended from Arkansas City, Kansas, to Fort Worth, Texas. Several towns already had been laid out along the right-of-way, including Guthrie, Edmond, Oklahoma City, and Norman. The most important of these was Guthrie, which consisted of no more than a clapboard depot and Wells Fargo office and a 20-by-40-foot land office. There were to be three starting points for the run: one from the Cherokee Outlet in the north; another from Purcell, situated twenty miles below Norman and across the southern border of the District in the Chickasaw nation; and third on the western edge of the District near El Reno. Most of the prospective homesteaders were concentrated to the north of Guthrie, the town destined to become the first Oklahoma territorial capital.

Several days before the appointed date, cavalry troops took up positions along the rim of the District to keep out the "moonlighters," or those who tried to slip beyond the lines and obtain an unfair advantage. Some "moonlighters"—later known as "sooners"—did manage to evade the troops, but most were forced to forfeit their ill-gotten claims.

. . . the damnedest race in history was under way. By wagon, by horse, by train, and by foot they scrambled to claim the lots of Guthrie town.

(Below) "It was real democracy in action," a pioneer claimed. "Within twenty-four hours . . . we had elected a city council and a mayor . . . ." The voters lined up four abreast behind their favorites and marched by to be counted. And some circled back to be counted again, and again, and again. . . . Democracy in action had to be voided and a new election procedure determined.

The boomers came equipped to defend hearth, home, and lot. Yet most disputed claims were settled in a friendly fashion, some by the toss of a coin.

The total number of people in the first run has been estimated at 50,000. For the most part, those who congregated expectantly along the Kansas border were more interested in a town lot than a 160-acre farm site. A few days before the start they were allowed to move from southern Kansas along a wagon road that paralleled the railroad tracks and take up positions near the southern boundary of the Cherokee Outlet. "The whole procession marched, rode, or drove, as on some gala occasion, with smiling faces and waving hands. Everyone imagined that El Dorado was just ahead . . . and the possibility of failure or disappointment did not enter into the consideration of a single individual on that cool and de-

The rambling tent city of April 27 (left) became a makeshift metropolis by the middle of May (below) complete with restaurants, barber shops, merchandise stores, post office, two-story hotel—and fifty saloons.

lightful April day."

A typical party of homesteaders had a prairie schooner drawn by four raw-boned horses and filled with a shaggy-bearded man, a slatternly-looking woman, and five or six shabbily dressed children. With rare exception each family had a dog, a dozen chickens in a coop fastened to the side of the wagon, a plow, an axe, a shotgun, and a few "sticks of furniture" which obviously had seen better days. Now and then a flashy real estate man or lawyer from Wichita would be driving "a spanking span of bays, with an equipage looking for all the world as though it had just come from a fashionable livery stable." Single rigs and double rigs also were common, while a few participants rode bicycles or spirited horses, or trudged along on foot. One man rode an ox, but the four circus midgets on a single horse attracted more attention. Those fortunate enough to obtain seats or standing room on one of the passenger trains had cause to congratulate their superior judgment.

Eventually, some 15,000 people reached the starting point in the Cherokee Outlet and spread out in long lines on each side of the tracks. The soldiers who had so often driven some of the same individuals from the coveted lands were camped just over the line to keep them out a few hours longer. This time there was much camaraderie between the boomers and bluecoats as they exchanged cheerful and hearty greetings. Ironically, the civilians now looked to their former enemies to preserve order and to see that everyone had a fair chance.

April 22 dawned clear and bright. Families arose early to cook breakfast and prepare a noonday meal that would have to be eaten on the run. Farmers examined their wagons for the

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Speculators all. . . . Brokers and lawyers and fine casket makers, they all had something to sell, and they all needed signs to sell it—including the sign-maker.

(Below) 15,000 people crowded the "Magic City of Guthrie," and all of them were on the make. Some, more adventurous than wise, had slapped down their claims where boundaries conflicted, and other benighted souls had squatted in the middle of what were supposed to be city streets. Most such unfortunates were ejected from their claims by the kind of simple group action documented in the photograph below.

last time and made sure that each axle was well greased and the rims were tight on the wheels. Horsemen checked their saddles and fed their horses with any left-over grain, while those on foot made sure that their packs were well secured. Each man had a sharpened stick, with his name or initials carved on the side, to be driven into the ground as the first act of "staking" his claim.

Cavalry troops gathered in precise formation across the line, facing the boomers. Back of them sat the commanding officer, watch in hand and a bugler by his side. Six passenger and freight trains took up positions in a long single file, every available space inside, on top, underneath, and between the cars having been occupied hours before. As the moment drew closer, almost dead silence prevailed. Horsemen leaned forward in the saddle, drivers tightened their reins, and train engineers gripped the throttles. Finally, the commanding officer raised his right hand, looked intensely at his watch, and then brought his arm down in a sharp thrust. The bugler blew the quick notes of retreat, and thousands of voices echoed the sound with shouts of released tension. What could only be described as the "damndest race in history" was under way.

The trains were slow in picking up speed, but they soon passed the heavy wagons, carriages, buggies, and prairie schooners. A few moments later they had caught up with the riders on fleet horses. The passengers now were afforded ringside seats to the great race. "One old white-bearded fellow especially commanded attention. He was mounted on a coal-black thoroughbred, and avoided any disaster by checking the pace of his animal when ravines had to be crossed. But his splendid burst of speed when no ob-

In the first weeks of Guthrie, "Just about anything you wanted to do you waited your turn." The jolly line-up seen below is a case of turning out to face the camera and posterity.

Flags and bunting and marching soldiers . . . a parade on the Fourth of July was absolutely required of any self-respecting Western town, and any sort of parade was better than none at all.

structions barred the way soon placed him far in advance of all his competition. It took but a short time to solve this question of speed among the riders, and after a neck and neck race for half a mile or more they spread like a fan over the prairie and were eventually lost to vision among the rolling billows of Oklahoma's far expanding prairie."

The trains quickly left the throng of humanity behind and one and a half hours later the first one drew within sight of the "Magic City of Guthrie." By the time it came to a halt in front of the depot there was not a single passenger aboard. Some had thrown their belongings out of the windows or from the tops of the cars and jumped to the ground half a mile or more from the station. Those who had not sustained sprained ankles or disabling bruises took off at full speed toward the hill on which the town of Guthrie had been staked out. A handful of "sooners," United States marshals, and railroad employees already had laid claim to the choicest corner lots. But the hundreds of people from the first train and the thousands that followed, quickly "coppered the situation" with little consideration for those who had shaved the rules of the game.

Within a few hours a myriad of white tents sprang up on the virgin prairie. "It reminded me of playing blind man's bluff," a pioneer later reflected. "Everyone tried to beat his neighbor in driving the first stake, erecting his tent faster, and then throwing up a wooden shanty." Before nightfall on the first day, 10,000 people, 500 makeshift houses, and innumerable tents occupied every square foot of land. No one knew how far to go before stopping and none at first dared leave his 25-by-140-foot lot unguarded. Each man appeared armed to the teeth with pistols, knives, and perhaps a

Continued on p. 69

That civilization had finally come to Guthrie was proclaimed by the completion of the National Bank Block. Who could doubt but that progress and preëminence lay ahead for Guthrie Town? But Guthrie was a speculator's child . . . .

FIRST CUTTING

A rememberance of the high plains

BY KARL YOUNG

As I stepped out of the one-room post office onto the boardwalk and headed across to the hitching rail, the span of grays drawing up caught my eye. What a slick pair! Perfectly matched in color, height, weight, and conformation. The guy that drives that team, I thought, is mighty proud. Bet his ranch has no litter around the barn and harness sheds. Bet his hands ride top horses, fat and snorty. Not until I reached my own two ponies, their heads drooping sleepily in the morning sunshine, and began to unwind Cap's bridle reins from the shiny tie pole was I aware of the man climbing down over the wheel of the bright green Bain wagon.

Dirt farmer—no cattleman! I decided at once, as I took in the shapeless overalls with slovenly bib and loose suspenders, and the clodhoppers with flakes of manure dried on the edges of the coarse soles and thick, flat heels. He was sizing me up, too.

"Lookin' for a job?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know. What you got?" I tried to be casual. Didn't want to let him know that I was down to my last two bucks and needed a job right off—any job.

"Hayin'. Got enough down to last about a week. Some more comin' 'long right after that. Ought to wind up the whole thing in 'bout three weeks."

It was made to order, like the high-heeled boots I was wearing, handmade in Grand Junction by Silcott and Weaver. I needed a good grubstake but didn't want to get pinned down too long. Never would get up to the Little Big Horn and the Crows' long-grass country if I got tied up on a hay ranch.

"How much you paying?"

"Two dollars a day and board."

It wasn't much. Getting up at daylight and helping with the chores before the old lady started bangin' on the triangle for breakfast. Then five good hours of pitching up onto the wagon. An hour off for noon, just long enough to let those muscles at the back of your neck and under your shoulder blades get so relaxed you could hardly raise yourself off the wooden bench in the kitchen and walk down to the barn to hitch up your team for the long, hot afternoon's labor. Then chores again, forking hay down for the horses, milking a half dozen cows, feeding a bunch of calves, some of which you'd have to teach how to drink out of a bucket by wetting your fingers in the milk and sticking them into the calf's muzzle, then coaxing the smacking lips down into the pail and letting the tongue and lips suck on the submerged fingers. After that, washing in the dark on the wooden bench outside the kitchen door and sliding at last into your place behind the oilcloth table cover for a heavy meal of mashed potatoes, thick brown gravy, a slab or two of meat — and then the bedroll for as long as it would stay dark.

"Let's go," I said, turning to untie my pack mare, Dutch Annie.

"You foller along behind," the farmer directed. Then he disappeared into the post office but returned immediately and climbed over the wheel to the spring seat of his green wagon. He backed the grays out into the street and set off at a brisk walk up the rutted dirt road. I followed, tapping old Cap with my spurs in a slow rhythm to make him keep up with the fast-stepping grays. I wondered if I would get to drive the grays when it came to mowing. They would cut a pretty swath in a hayfield, straight and even, and they were bound to be the lead team because they'd soon be tromping on the heels of 'most anything you'd hitch up in front of them.

And the farmer? Must not be such a bad old coot when he keeps a team like that. And the look on his face as he backed the grays out into the street—proud, like a feller with a railroad watch, one you could set the town clock by. But the unscraped shoes, the sloppy overalls, and the ragged straw hat? You just couldn't figure him. Bet he hasn't got a backhouse on the place. Bet he uses corn cobs.

It was a relief to look at the bright patches of wild clover with the bees buzzing among the yellow blossoms all along the roadside. The clover fought for space with

JAMES SANFORD

the skunkweed whose purple spikes of bloom that young archeologist had got so excited about.

"The history of the Southwest is written in the juice of that humble flower," he had said. "The prehistoric Indians had boiled that plant down, probably to make greens for supper, until they found out that it would cook down to a dye that you just couldn't wash off a piece of pottery. Not even the rains and suns of five centuries could fade out that dye." You had to respect the young archeologist for that piece of knowledge. And I'll admit that it was his excitement over the work, digging in the mounds of southern Utah back home near Blanding, that had somehow got me started on this long ride up into the Crow country. That and Dad's half-baked dream of riding from the Mexican border up to Canada. Of course, Dad could never find the time to take the long ride. But when I had finished high school and expressed a wish to see the country, Dad had encouraged me, even helped me to buy Dutch Annie, so I'd have a pack as well as a saddle horse. Now here I was in Cody, Wyoming, close to Montana and the big rivers, the Yellowstone and the Missouri, close to Crow and Blackfoot country.

I urged Cap into a jog trot. Those grays were good, no arguing that. But I could already see myself continuing my journey north, pushing through the tall grass of the Crow Reservation with a full sack of flour, a side of bacon, fifty pounds of oats to keep the ponies from straying too far in their hobbles at night, and shells enough for my saddle gun, a .32-20 Winchester, to keep me supplied with sage hens when I was out away from the towns and white folks.

The grays turned off into a lane that led up to a distant ranch house. No trees. No paint. The lane continued in a determined way past the house, with no sign of a gate or even a break in the fence, as though any person who entered that piece of property could not possibly have business with the household or anything else except the really worthwhile things in life—such as wagons, hayrakes, mowers, and bull rakes—things that could be drawn by good horses and would be found only in the turn-around area between the barn and the sheds.

The farmer pulled up in front of a long, low shed with poles and a straw roof.

"You can throw your bed in there and hang your saddles from them pegs on the wall."

I took one look at the short and musty straw under the shed, the chicken droppings, the moulted feathers of this and last year's moulting, the strings of cobwebs hanging with shreds of bark from the pole rafters, and the dark stains where water had seeped down through the straw and dripped on the ground below. And I answered quick!

"If you don't mind, I'll get a couple of forkfuls of hay from the stack yard and sleep out in the open here by the shed. I like lots of air."

Old Overalls (he hadn't asked my name or offered his own) looked his disbelief and disapproval. "Well, if you want to," he said, adding, nevertheless, a rather surly warning. "You might get rained on, and you might just as well know there's been some rabid coyotes around. Would't want you to get bit."

"My tarp sheds the water all right, so I won't get wet, and I've got a good gun right here in the saddle boot, which will be hangin' just inside the shed." Coyotes or no coyotes, I thought, I'm not going to bed down in that chicken crap, if I have to waste a half ton of his hay makin' myself a mound to sleep on. Besides, that guff about rabid coyotes sounds like a challenge. And why would a feller be any better off sleeping in an open shed?

Overalls spoke no more but got down over the wheel and started to unhook the grays. I noticed that he patted the horses affectionately under the belly as he fastened the tug links up on the breeching. But there was to be no nonsense. I dropped my reins to help, but Overalls gestured at my two horses with protruded lips and a little upward jerk of the chin in their direction. I had never seen a white man use that gesture before, though I had

seen the Utes employ it often. It saved words and it sure enough identified, even if it didn't seem polite. I savvied what it meant and quickly skinned the saddles off my two ponies. I hardly had time to set the paniards in the shed and pile my tarp on top of them before Overalls was indicating, again with the gesture of the mouth and chin, the corral into which I was to turn my horses.

I wished that I could take time to wait by the corral bars for a few moments while the horses there nosed the strangers, in case there was a mean old brood mare that was too quick with her heels. An angry shout from a man could sometimes avert a bad bruise or even a cut shoulder on a newcomer. After a while they'd get acquainted and know what to watch out for. But Overalls was already hitching the grays to a hayrack. I looked back over my shoulder to see if there was any feed in the rack alongside the corral. No, but if I can take it without breakfast, I guess the ponies can, I thought, as I hopped up on the rack which was already jolting off over the stubble toward some rows of haycocks I could see in the distance.

Before evening I had learned that in very truth there was no outhouse.

"Where do you go?" I had asked old Overalls.

"Oh, down behind the barn."

"What do you use?"

"There's a sack with corncobs in it."

But the sack was hanging empty, and when I mentioned this plain fact to Overalls, he shrugged it off with a smirk and the remark that there were plenty of cobs lying around the barnyard. These had been used, I explained, and there was a sharpness in my voice that I could hardly recognize. But the unperturbed response was only a laconic, "Oh, tha's ol' dry."

It was enough to make one puke. One could quit, but then what? I was shivering inside but found to my surprise that the indignation gave me a determination to see this thing through.

So the days wore on, with toil early and late. Just me and Overalls. No other help. He's just too stingy to hire anyone else, I thought, because if he had other hands working for him he wouldn't be able to stand over every man and wring the last drop of sweat out of him for his two bucks a day. Nevertheless, I gave him his money's worth, slept hard, sweated freely, and felt good on it. I didn't even lose weight. This was something of a surprise, because I could hardly swallow the breakfasts.

There were chickens aplenty on the ranch, but no eggs ever appeared on the breakfast table. I think he sold the eggs. All that ever showed up for breakfast was a sodden pile of hot cakes. Mrs. Overalls placed them in the exact center of the table where you could help yourself. To the right of the hot cakes she placed a pitcher of what was supposed to pass for syrup, a thin, homemade concoction of boiled sugar and water. To the left of the hot cakes stood a tall crockery pitcher of thick cow's cream, skimmed off the many pans which were constantly set out in the pantry for the cream to rise. The cream in the pitcher was just for show, I realized, knowing of the cream can into which the contents of the pitcher would be dumped right after breakfast. The only cream that ever left the pitcher during breakfast went into the old man's and old lady's cups of coffee, for there was nothing else to eat cream with. I didn't drink coffee. I am a Mormon, and the strict abstinence from tea and coffee and "intoxicating liquor" practiced in my home all during my childhood had set a pattern that I did not even think of breaking.

One morning, however, as I gagged at the sight of the flat, pasty hot cakes, a bold thought came to me, and I

reached for the cream pitcher. Thick blobs of sweet cream and a couple of spoonfuls of sugar from the bowl worked a miracle, transforming the tasteless gray stack into a chef's triumph of a rich cake pudding. For the first time I reached for a second helping of hot cakes, and as I did so I knew that the old man had stopped eating and was watching me in astonishment and dismay. I didn't look up, but I felt obliged to say something ingratiating.

"My, but these hot cakes sure are good with cream," I said.

"Cornshucks is good with cream," said Overalls, and he rose and left the table. He just couldn't put up with my greediness any longer. That about made it even.

We worked as a team, but Overalls never let the grays out of his hands. A kind of shine came in his eyes whenever he picked up the lines. And he always took them. He stayed on the rack, building the load as I forked the haycocks up to him. He would set the horses on a course between two rows of cocks, speaking gently to them and easing them off toward the stackyards when he had topped off the load with as much as would stay on during the bumpy trip back to the derrick.

Sometimes, as we neared the corrals, Overalls' wild little collie came sneaking up to meet us. Walking with the fork over my shoulder, I would stop and pat my leg and speak in a coaxing voice to the dog. But the miserable creature would never respond. Instead, he would lower his head and tail, and slink away, trotting in a wide circle back toward the sheds where he usually hid out. I never could make friends with him. Must have associated too long with his master. Sure matches him in disposition, I thought. All the same, I felt sorry for the little dog. Must have been awful lonely not having any friends.

Then one day the last hay that was down had been hauled in and stacked, and old Overalls said we would start cutting again. He told me to catch Pat, a mammoth gelding that towered over every other horse in the corral. He weighed 2200 pounds and was a veritable giant. I had never seen such a monster. Overalls had used him as a derrick horse to hoist the fork with its huge bite of hay from rack to stack. I wondered if the old man would put Pat in shafts and let him pull a mower alone. But no. He had caught a flighty little mare named Kitty, and he indicated to me that I should hitch this odd pair together. It took some doing. When the tugs were hooked as tight as they could be pulled, the neckyoke slurred off at an angle of almost forty degrees. In fact, it took the efforts of us both, straining at tugs and neckyoke, to keep the tongue through the ring on the yoke while hooking the last links on Pat's tugs and the first links on Kitty's. I was suspicious of the whole business. It looked like hitching a bull and a burro together, and I didn't think it would work, but I knew in my bones that I would have to drive them. Even Overalls had his doubts, for he stood off and surveyed the ludicrous team with a frown. But he stepped up and patted the big fellow under the belly, getting a nicker in response. The grays better watch out, I thought, they've got a rival in Pat.

With the characteristic gesture of protruded lips and chin, Overalls indicated that I was to get up on the iron seat of the mower and take off for the distant hayfield. The heavy wheels of the mower with their iron cleats jolted in a jarring rhythm from ridge to ridge of the shallow irrigation furrows with which the field had been marked. Successive years of irrigating, mowing, raking, and hauling had somewhat smoothed the surface of this old lucerne field. But what would it be like on the new ground? I was sure that the old man had mentioned that the field we were about to cut was new ground. And first cuttings, I remembered, were sometimes pretty rough.

Sure enough, when I crossed the ditch on the rough planks and pulled out on the edge of the new hay, it was like jolting over the corduroy bridging we used to make of poles laid side by side to help get wagons across swampy places at home. The old man had caught up with me by now, and swinging his grays to the left, he let his cutter bar down and immediately set off in a clockwise direction around the edge of the swaying, blue-green alfalfa patch. So I pulled that preposterous team of mine over onto the swath of mown hay left by Overalls and lowered my own knife.

The instant I kicked the lever into gear and started the teeth chattering, Kitty jumped like a hare, giving the mower an ugly lurch as she did so. I held her down, but it was clear that Kitty was not only flighty but had never been hitched to a mower before. The old man had given me the responsibility of breaking in this silly young mare to the roughest job on the ranch and had never even bothered to tell me what I was up against. Nevertheless, here was old Pat beside her, steady as a rock. There would be no runaway with Pat on the off side, no matter how much Kitty danced and snorted.

Gradually Kitty's erratic surging and faltering

Continued on p. 72

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, SAN DIEGO

A 200-FOOT TOWER IS SCARCELY ADEQUATE

BY T. H. WATKINS

Inter-city rivalry in the erection of conspicuous monuments to the affluence and energy of a prideful citizenry is scarcely an invention of the American West. Such monuments, in every form from architecture to statuary, had been erected by many an Eastern town—and by many a European town before them. Yet the unrestrained competitiveness of towns in the American West during the latter half of the nineteenth century is such a striking characteristic that one might be predisposed to consider such boosterism a peculiarly Western phenomenon.

Certainly, it happened that the Western townsman was uncommonly susceptible to visible manifestations of civic prestige and distinction. After all, few Western towns had any traditional importance or had been around long enough to develop institutions or buildings that might serve as historical props for pride.

Progress, however, was a wonderfully available and solidly democratic status symbol. Everyone understood progress, or thought he did; to know that his town could supply a monumentally tangible answer to the question "What's new?" was enough to strike joy into the heart of any go-getting, civic-minded Western businessman.

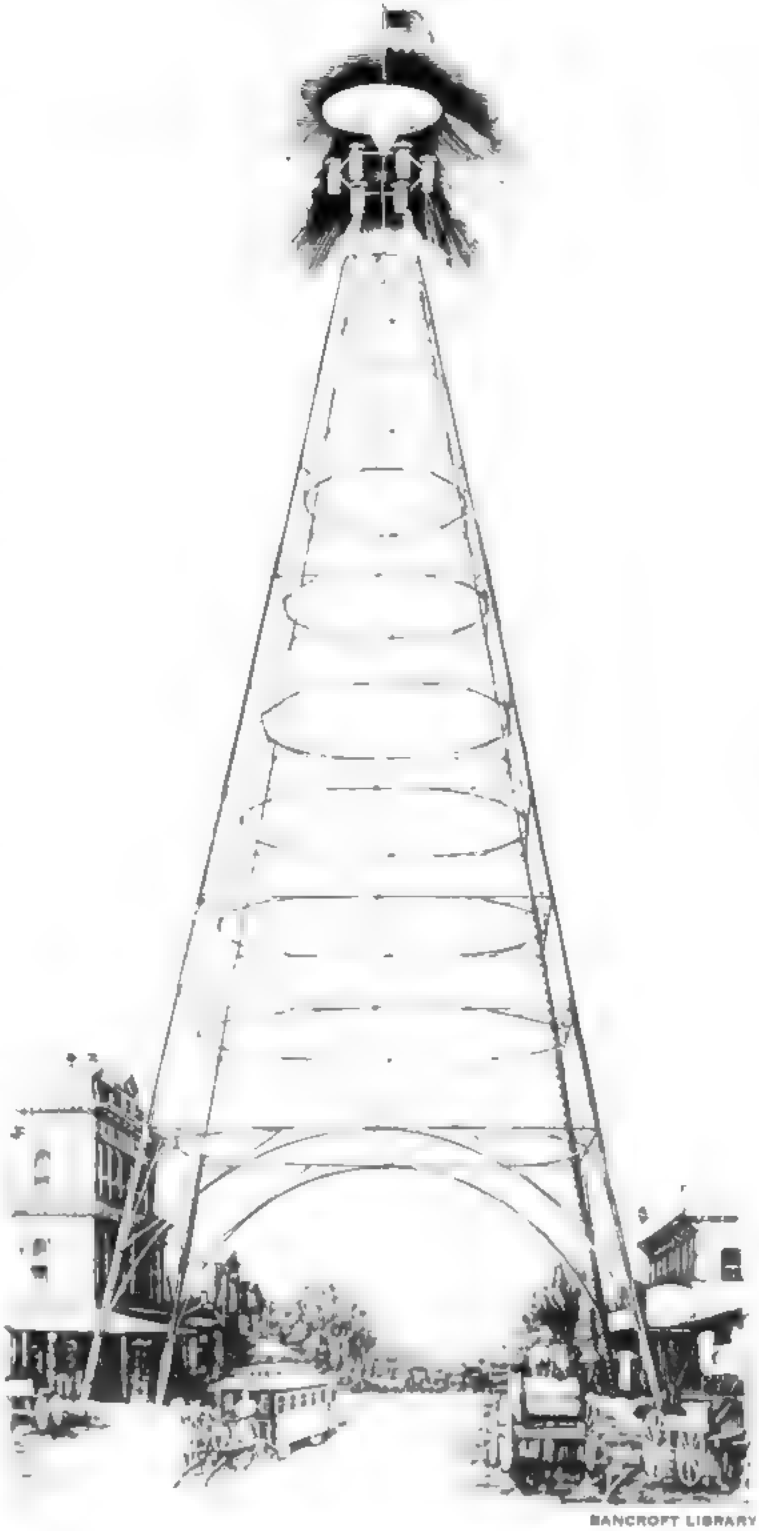
In the line of "What's new?" one could hardly imagine anything better calculated to astound the yokels of the hinterland or dismay the competing Babbitts of the adjacent County Seat than the installation of a set of *arc lamps* towering 200 feet above the prairie, or desert, or swamp, or whatever—defying the darkness, lighting the path of the merchant to the backhouse, blinding owls, exposing the criminal element to observation, and frustrating the nocturnal antics of errant husbands or wives. In the West of the early 1880's what could have been more progressive? All this, and rather cheap, too.

The "arc" of the lamp was the spark that jumped from upper to lower carbon.

Electric lighting of any kind was such a novelty as late as 1880 that even the census of that year (the first of the giant census reports that set the modern trend of poking into all aspects of the economy each decade) failed to include data on the new industry. Yet by the spring of 1881 the leading producer in the field of arc lighting, the Brush Light Electric Company of Cleveland, could claim that it had installed more than 6,000 lamps. By the beginning of 1885 the *Scientific American* reported an estimate of 90,000 arc lights in use in the United States; by 1887 the estimate (in *Electrical Review*) had been upped to 125,000. The business was thought to be doubling in size every year.

The practical employment of arc lamps for street lighting stemmed from Brush's invention or improvement of various devices to make the operation of the lights nominally foolproof, even when connected in a series of thirty or forty to a single powerful dynamo. As anyone who has ever had to deal with the vagaries of even a single, modern, self-contained searchlight of great power can testify, it was no little accomplishment to operate dozens of untended arcs without regularly melting down something or other.

With an arc lamp of 2,000 or more candlepower available at moderate operating cost, the device quickly caught on as a means of lighting night operations at fac-



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San Jose: the first arc lamp tower in the Far West.

tories, mines, and shipping points. From there it was a simple step to street-lighting. In large cities, such as Chicago, Boston, and New York, arc lamps were successfully promoted as an improvement in both illumination and economy over gas streetlamps, and hundreds were installed along principal boulevards. Even while cooler heads voiced doubts that the new lighting was really cheaper than the old, or that there was even much money in selling electric lighting at prices competitive with gas, scores of new electric light companies sprang up across the country—for a very good reason.

The one place where there was plenty of money to be made in arc lights was in the sale of dynamos and equipment. The Brush Company and its competitors were in the very up-to-date business of creating a demand rather than merely responding to one. Bringing electric light to the smaller cities of America would expand the market for equipment.

But one problem presented itself: How could smaller communities afford to install scores of lamps on streets that were all but deserted at night? The answer came from the progressive citizenry of Akron, Ohio. In this town, in 1881, was constructed a boiler-iron mast 207 feet high, surmounted by powerful arc lamps. The dubious breakthrough achieved by this novel system of street-lighting was described by the President of the City Council as follows:

> A very important feature of the tower system is the fact that it lights up the whole area—alleys, back streets, vacant lots, etc., that with any other system are not lighted and must be the hiding place for those of evil intent . . . The higher the better, not less than 200 ft. and better 500

Not far behind Akron in progressiveness, San Jose, California, became the first city on the Pacific Coast to experiment with the "western system" of lighting. Built on a different model, the San Jose tower of 1882 was a scant 200 feet high, but was crowned with a sextet of 4,000-candlepower lamps which provided "on the two streets over which the lights are placed . . . sufficient light for ordinary purposes for a distance of two miles."

The idea caught on quickly, particularly in towns that were not to be outdone in futuristic thinking. Los Angeles put up seven tall masts in 1883, with gratifying results. Observed the *Express:*

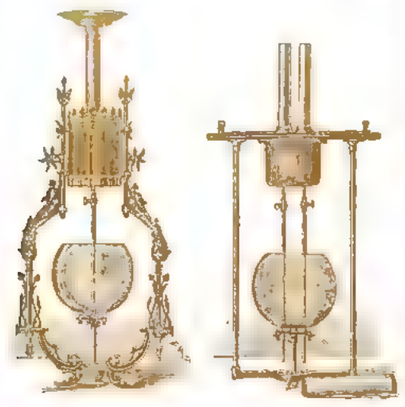
> From the masts on the higher grounds the light is cast to a distance of three miles with sufficient power to enable persons to dispense with lanterns in doing little chores around the home premises . . . . So brilliant is the illumination even at considerable distances from the masts that windows where persons sleep require to be well curtained to shut out the rays.

Companies were formed for the purpose of erecting light towers in such widely separated—and wildly unlikely—places as Butte and Prescott. But even as the boom was flourishing, the arc lamp was already obsolescent. The "glow lamp," as the incandescent lamp was known, was a practical means of illumination by the time the Brush Company began getting big orders. In 1882 an Edison plant was in operation in New York, supplying light for residences. Further, the improved mantle gas lamp was quite capable of holding its own with the garish arc lamp until such time as the modern electric light was prepared to take its place. Cities such as San Francisco, though chided by bumptious neighbors, stuck mainly to gas until they switched to the modern lamp.

Thus the arc lamp promoters failed to achieve one of their early dreams, a vision of progress which would indeed have startled the more backward nations of the world. This climactic gimmick was reported in the *Scientific American* in 1881:

> It is proposed to place upon the dome of the Capitol [of the United States], and upon six towers surrounding it, at a distance of 1,000 ft. from it, no less than 450 electric lights, each of 6,000 candlepower, equal to 200,000 4-ft. gas burners. The effect of such an enormous massing of light at such a distance above the ground and surrounding buildings would produce a surprising effect . . .

Surprising is hardly the word: the effect would have been far more dazzling than that in, say Los Angeles, where one could at least draw the curtains to shut out the rays of the Brush electric sun.



Ornamental and double: the one for parks and railroad stations; the other to provide up to 14 hours of light without change of carbons, by means of consecutive, rather than simultaneous, burning.

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San Diego in 1887 was a booming little sub-sub-metropolis that went for arc towers in a big way. Close study of this sparkling bird's-eye view (itself a sign of civic pride and progress) will reveal no less than five noble lamp posts—as well as a fanciful subdivision in Coronado-across-the-bay.

John Greenway, Colorado anthropologist and folklorist doing field work in Australia, examines the meaning of a man whose songs we have known and sung for nearly thirty years. There were more than a thousand of them: songs of protest, labor songs, love ballads, songs which celebrated the beauty and promise of America, and songs which articulated in music the agony of the Dust Bowl years in the arid West, years in which men struggled to survive in the midst of a dream gone suddenly wrong . . . .

DOROTHEA LANGE PHOTOS COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

On the edge of your city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

WOODY GUTHRIE

THE MAN, THE LAND, THE UNDERSTANDING

BY JOHN GREENWAY

At the moment Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall announced in Washington that Woody Guthrie had won the Conservation Service Award for 1966, I was fifteen hours and eighty years away, in a land that could have been our American West before Frederick Jackson Turner closed the frontier. Bob Verburgt (a Federal Native Patrol officer) and I were sitting with several families of Old Stone Age natives at the "snake-possessing-place"—called in their language *Erinjerinja*—in the far northwest of South Australia, where the incandescent winds of summer blow the red dust out of the valleys in the morning and back in again at night.

This is the lonely West of the last bison, in American terms (of dingo and kangaroo in Australian). Atomic bombs have been set off here, with no human beings to see the fireballs except their creators. It was at this Erinjerinja rockhole a year earlier that Bob, in one of those uncanny and unaccountable permutations of a patrol officer's Brownian movement and the nomads' random wandering, occluded upon thirty-seven aborigines preparing themselves for death by thirst. They had traced a small rain cloud toward these rocks, deducing that its water would fall into the natural receptacle, but the cloud slid off to the side and poured its life into the sand at Trew's Gap. The aborigines looked, dispassionately estimated their chances of survival, cut one another's hair in the ritual of anticipated dying, dug their graves, and were lying in them when Bob came through with the seventy-gallon tanks of his desert vehicle nearly full of water.

I had been recording the mythical songs of these primitive people for half a year, and while we were at Erinjerinja, the thought oppressed me that this country was not only lonely but unsung, and I wondered why. The natives were not stupid—they "translated" the hymns taught them by itinerant missionaries into obscene parodies—but the beauty and bounty of their country they noticed no more than its deprivation and cruelty. There was much to sing about, had a Guthrie been here to sing of it; a land of infinite potential, hardly begun its despoliation. It struck me, in a poetic way, that a land can be as mute as the inglorious Miltons that Thomas Gray lamented in the rich soil of Stoke Poges. His flower blushing unseen and wasting its sweetness on the desert air was no more neglected than the desert itself, and no more worthy of lamentation. More was needed than the land and the singer; understanding was the third essential component of the kind of song that won Woody Guthrie his award.

Four hundred miles northeast of the Erinjerinja rockhole there stretches the Arizonian magnificence of the MacDonnell Ranges, at once the most spectacular and the most subtle natural beauty in this island continent. For centuries the valley these mountains overlooked was hunted by the Aranda tribe, whose religious artists, like our own natives, carved and painted on their sacred *tjurungas* not the mountains or the valley but the symbolic footsteps of the totemic ancestors that wandered creatively in the distant, mythical Dreaming. And then the white artist Rex Battarbee came and found the inarticulate, inartistic tribesman Namatjira; the two men together created the artist Namatjira—the greatest, white or black, that Australia has produced. On the bare, flat Nullarbor plain fifteen hundred miles southwest neither Battarbee nor Namatjira nor both together could have produced anything of value.

The cascading melodies of the aboriginal mythical songs tell of the *tjukurpa* creators and the land they shaped and the good things they put on the land, but when the bushes and berries and kangaroos and water

fail, they sing no laments, no protests. They just dig their graves and ask no questions, as Woody did in one of his songs:

> **I must rise up and go, my people are calling,**
> **They'll see all this mud on my face and my hands;**
> **When questions they ask me, I'll come for my answers**
> **And fall down again on this mound of your grave.**

They prove again what Oscar Wilde once said: "Misery and poverty are so absolutely degrading and exercise such a paralyzing effect over the nature of men that no class is ever really conscious of its own suffering. They have to be told of it by other people, and they often entirely disbelieve them." The aborigines have no understanding of oppression, protest, or the needlessness of suffering. The white man's sheep are at the borders of their country, devouring all the little that grows; their sharp hooves break the thin surface holding the sand, and the land blows away. The people have no curses for these things. The time may come when they will have an understanding and an expression, as Woody Guthrie predicted for the Indians of his own country:

> **They tell me down in Oklahoma that the Indian language ain't got no cuss words in it. Well, wait till they get a little hungrier and raggedier. They'll work up some.**

I tried to bring the beginning of understanding to these people by singing a few of Woody's songs to them. They admired the manual dexterity of my fingers on the guitar, but the music quickly put them to sleep. When they wake up, oh, say eighty years from now, they will produce their Guthrie. And it will be another twenty years before he will himself be sung and given whatever then equates with a Conservation Service Award.

The singing has begun in America, but Woody Guthrie is not yet well known even in his own country. As the newspapers said, "Two months ago, many people had never heard of Woody Guthrie. They had heard his songs, but never his name. Others who did know of him believed he was dead. Today hundreds of those people have given their hearts to the slight, 53-year-old folk singer who lies dying in a Brooklyn hospital." *Newsweek* provided the final ironic proof of America's ignorance of its great singer by describing Woody's son, Arlo Davy, playing a harmonica, "suspended Dylan-style around his neck." *O tempora! O mores!* Bob Dylan learned this posture from Woody!

Since so few know of Woody, fewer still will know of my writings about him, and so I can cannibalize a short estimation of his importance published some time ago in a now defunct journal. I called him the greatest figure in American folksong:

> There are other great names—Emma Dusenberry, Aunt Molly Jackson, Huddie Ledbetter, Texas Gladden, Cecil Sharp, and Phillips Barry, for example; but Emma Dusenberry and Aunt Molly Jackson were primarily informants, passive transmitters of a tradition. Leadbelly and Texas Gladden were practitioners, ephemeral interpreters of a tradition; Sharp and Barry were cultural archaeologists, mere recorders of a tradition. But Woody Guthrie was the creator of a tradition, perhaps the greatest one whose name is known.
>
> The literary men tell us that every poet has his ten years. Guthrie had his decade; before 1938 he was not yet Woody Guthrie; after 1948 he was no longer Woody Guthrie, though he wrote on both sides of these terminal dates. It is difficult even to estimate how many songs he wrote; in 1955 he told me he had composed at least 1400. Most of these, like any poet's work, are just craftsmanship at best, but somewhere between fifty and a hundred are as good as one can find in all American folksong.
>
> The best are those growing out of the trauma of the Dust Bowl exodus, which he joined in 1935, when he was 23 years old. He had been on the road himself since 13, when his mother went to the insane asylum and his father was nearly burned to death in one of those fires that seemed to be an inseparable part of the lives of the Guthries; but these earliest years were a time of experience, observation, and absorption. Like Tom Joad before the murder of Preacher Casy, he was receptive but passive.

These were bitter years, when the farms of a half dozen states blew away and the people with them; when, as Steinbeck tells us, some families sold all they owned to buy open trailers, which they dragged to the side of the highway, hoping for some Samaritan to pull them to California. Inevitably Woody's first, last, and most typical songs (if not his best) were songs of protest—a fact not mentioned in the published excerpts of Secretary

I been walkin' that Lincoln Highway,
I thought you knowed;
I been hittin' that sixty-six
'Way down the road;
Blistered feet and a worried mind,
Lookin' for a woman, hard to find,
And I been hittin' some hard travelin', Lord.

Udall's citation. When understanding of oppression and deprivation in the Wildean sense takes the form of altruistic protest, the observer can be sure that the guilt is in the singer. Like charity, protest against injuries to others is a gratification of the protester's organism. One does not take arms to oppose a sea of other people's misfortunes without some inner compulsion as the stimulus. It is an inner sin, a private lack, that must be expiated in the public good.

Woody Guthrie thought little of himself; he was often whelmed by guilts. He once gave me the manuscript copy of his "Jailhouse Blues," without either of us noticing at the time that he had scribbled on the back a poignant self-denunciation:

> **They just dont make em no honerier than me. It looks like Im a doing everything I can to make a hobo out of me. I get good chances to get on the radio and make a little money and get a start up the old ladder, but then that honery streak comes out and I ruin the whole thing. I kick myself in the britches pretty hard some times. You dont hate me any worse than I do. You dont bawl me out any more than I do. Oh, well, dam it all anyhow, I never really set my head on being a public figure. Its all what you mean when you say success. Most of the time success aint much fun. Lots of times it takes a lot of posing and pretending.**

He was a man, and imperfect. He was as promiscuous a womanizer as St. Augustine; as irresponsible an agitator as Martin Luther; as implacably cruel an inquisitor of the sins of others as John Calvin; as politically naive as President Eisenhower; as unemployable a vagrant as Jesus Christ. Of all these faults only his vagrancy was obsessive:

> **Everybody tells me how good I am, but I can't make a living for my wife and kids.**

Still, his bittersweet humor encompassed his own frailties. He enjoyed my story about a young helper I had back in my carpentry days: One workday when this boy was in anguish over his inability to drive a nail straight into oak, I consoled him, "Cheer up, Charlie; Jesus Christ was a carpenter, too." "Yeh," growled Charlie, "but he quit and took up preaching."

At least two hundred of Guthrie's compositions were overt preachments of protest, and despite his pantheism his personal identification was with Christ.

This song was written in New York City
Of rich men, preachers, and slaves;
If Jesus was to preach like he preached in Galilee,
They would lay Jesus Christ in his grave.

Except for those who see Christ as the most successful subversive in Western history, many of Guthrie's New York songs deserved the surveillance he had from the F.B.I., though a more harmless, more innocent captive of the cynical Left could not be imagined. He had genius as a poet-composer, mediocrity as a singer, and gullibility as a proletarian. Those who captured and used him for their unscrupulous purposes are now constructing him into the great proletarian hero (to replace Joe Hill, who they finally admit died in fact and in spirit in Salt Lake City), though at least one of them has said more or less publicly that "ninety per cent of his stuff was junk."

But, to quote Thomas Gray yet once more, "No further . . . draw his frailties from their dread abode." These things disappear when time and proportion distill the good from a man's dregs. Who cares now about the religious insanity of Isaac Newton, the scientific credulousness of Charles Darwin, the monstrous beliefs and behavior of Richard Wagner, the racism of Abraham Lincoln? Like Lincoln, Woody Guthrie had a universe of compassion and an inextinguishable love of his land, and both went into the greatest songs ever written by a folk poet.

The range of subject, treatment, and mood in Guthrie's songs was as far-reaching as his own footsteps over his country. For his women he wrote songs of obscenity (these will probably not be published in our lifetime); for his wandering he wrote hobo and tramp songs without any significance beyond the fact of being on the road (euphemized by Secretary Udall as his singing "about the length of the Lincoln Highway and the men who laid it out"):

I been walkin' that Lincoln Highway,
I thought you knowed;
I been hittin' that sixty-six
'Way down the road;
Blistered feet and a worried mind,
Lookin' for a woman, hard to find,
And I been hittin' some hard travelin',
Lord.

To make money (which he never did) he wrote infrapopular songs:

'Way out in Reno, Nevada,
Where romances bloom and fade,
A great Philadelphia lawyer
Fell in love with a Hollywood maid.

For his leftist captors in New York he wrote a spate of songs, nearly all of them execrable; for his heroes of history he wrote songs of praise long on truth and short on fact, but always catching the essential virtue of the man—as in his ballad of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge, where Lincoln's one unassailable quality, his compassion, is the only emotion.

I'm down on my knees in this dark stormy midnight,
Down on my knees in this cold, windy rain;
I walked half the night and I've come to your
graveside
To cry on your breast, yes, to weep on your grave.

Except for the Bonneville songs, which showed a rush of genius poured into twenty-six songs in twenty-eight days, the best of Woody was his early Dust Bowl chronicles. On these his reputation will—in my opinion—grow to a high rank even among sophisticated American poets. Much could be made by philosophical historians of the explosion out of the dying states of the badly farmed Midwest; it could easily be put in that long historical context of aggressive, deprived desert peoples expanding into rich surrounding areas, from the Mongols in Asia to the Pitjandjarras in Australia—hungry, ferocious emigrants, cutting down opposition by nothing more than numbers and desperation. Guthrie's songs told of the emigration, but not of the capture of California by the Okies and their wives and their children and their dogs and their chickens and their pregnant unmarried daughters and their guitars, all over the relatively feeble opposition of police with axe handles and fruit-growers with baskets.

Lots of folks back East, they say, are gettin'
out every day,
Hittin' that hot old dusty way to the
California line;
Across the desert sands they roll, they're
gettin' out of that old Dust Bowl,
Think they're goin' to a sugarbowl, but here's
what they find:

California, Arizona, I make all your crops,
Then it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops;
Dig beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vines
To set on your table your light sparkling wine.

Wherever little children are hungry and cryin',
Wherever people ain't free;
Wherever men are fightin' for their rights,
That's where I'm a-gonna be, Maw,
That's where I'm a-gonna be.

The police at the port of entry say,
"You're number fourteen thousand for today."
If you ain't got the do-re-mi, folks,
If you ain't got the do-re-mi,
Well, you better go back to beautiful Texas,
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.
California's a Garden of Eden,
A paradise to live in or see,
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot,
If you ain't got the do-re-mi.

Happily, he had nothing to sing about the epilogue—the terrible vengeance these people took on California by capturing it and giving it back periodically to Billy Graham, Barry Goldwater, and Ronald Reagan. His interest was in tolerable Okies—that is, poor ones—not the intolerable affluent ones.

Some few Okies with money were, nevertheless, fit subjects of song, for regardless of how they came by their money, a poor man with money among his poor fellows must for mythic purposes have robbed the oppressors. This is not a Communist idea; in English it goes back at least to Robin Hood. The pattern is standard in all the world's folklore: the man who can inflict retaliatory suffering on a subjugated people's oppressors becomes perforce a hero, no matter what sort of person he was in fact or whether he was in fact at all. Steinbeck caught the mood among the Okies and gave Ma Joad their words to say about the mad-dog thief and murderer Pretty Boy Floyd:

> **"I knowed Purty Boy Floyd. I knowed his ma. They was good folks. He was full a hell, sure like a good boy oughta be. . . . He done a little bad thing an' they hurt 'im. . . . An' he was mad. He wasn't no boy or no man no more, he was jus' a walkin' chunk a mean-mad. But the folks that knowed him didn't hurt 'im. He wasn' mad at them. . . ."**

Guthrie caught the feeling for Floyd independently among his neighbors, describing him as a good man, a poor farmer, goaded to anger and violence by a sheriff's insult to his wife, driven to the woods, finding succor from his own kind, and paying them in return—

There's many a starving farmer
This same old story told,
How this outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little home. . . .

Now as through this world I ramble
I see lots of funny men;
Some will rob you with a six-gun
Some with a fountain pen.

But as through your life you travel,
As through your life you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

Beyond these shared beliefs of his culture, Guthrie's songs were individual artistic compositions, often striking a classic marble hardness found rarely outside A. E. Housman; the simplicity and immediacy of the best Negro spirituals; the humor of Mark Twain; the innate and unconscious profundity of —well, at least of Steinbeck. As in his long ballad "Tom Joad," which he wrote, he told me once, after seeing the movie, "The Grapes of Wrath":

> **—because the people back in Oklahoma haven't got two bucks to buy the book, or even thirty-five cents to see the movie, but the song will get back to them and tell them what Preacher Casy said.**

The ballad is too long to quote here in its entirety, but all students of American literature should compare it with Steinbeck's novel and then read the critics who missed the point of that greatest book of its generation. Guthrie saw that the story, like the rest of Steinbeck's good work, was another view of a people searching for a leader. At the outset of both the book and the ballad we see a number of candidates to lead the Joads out of the wilderness to paradise: Grandpa Joad, Pa Joad, Ma Joad, Tom Joad, Preacher Casy. But Pa Joad loses his virility away from the land; Grandpa Joad cannot live away from it at all:

Now the twelve of the Joads made a mighty
heavy load,
But Grandpa Joad did cry;
He picked up a handfulla land in his hand,
Said "I'm stayin' with the farm till I die,
Yes, I'll stay with the farm till I die."

Continued on p. 74

THE LADY FROM BOSTON AND THE OMAHA INDIANS

"It is a singularly cruel irony that the measures for which Fletcher was greatly responsible created as much hardship in long range perspective for many Indian groups as did the occasional wanton slaughter of women and children or the well known instances of calculated connivance for Indian lands so regularly deplored in the recounting of frontier history."

BY NANCY OESTREICH LURIE

When Alice Cunningham Fletcher set out from Boston over eighty years ago to study the Omaha Indians, she was to initiate a career which would win her a secure place among those pioneer anthropologists whose works are still widely respected and consulted. Virtually unknown is the fact that Fletcher's first field trip also resulted in the formation of policies which have been as often deplored over the years as her recognized scholarly achievements have been admired. Alice Fletcher was the moving spirit behind the Omaha Allotment Act of 1882, which became the model for the Dawes Severalty Act of 1887. Although the policy of alloting tribally held reservations into individually owned parcels of land resulted in yet another Indian land-grab (for which the nineteenth century was already unhappily notorious) it deserves review and sober reflection because its intent was worthy and it was the earliest experiment in what would today be called "applied anthropology"—that is, the purposeful utilization of the theories, methods, and data of ethnology in implementing programs of technological assistance to so-called under-developed areas.

Fletcher's scientific studies of the American Indian were admittedly inspired by an early philanthropic concern for Indian welfare. Before she began serious study of ethnographic and archeological collections at the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, she had served as administrator of funds for the Women's Indian Association, an organization whose purpose was to make small loans to Indian people to enable them to buy their own land and build houses. Although this solution to the Indians' problems of adjustment to a dominating white society remained basic to Fletcher's thinking, the grand plan of allotment as a general policy regarding lands already secured to Indian tribes was derived from her first-hand field work among the Omaha and was justified explicitly on the basis of scientific theories accepted by Fletcher and other anthropologists of her day.

In the late nineteenth century no responsible scientist and few informed laymen questioned the inexorable course of cultural history as going from barbarism to savagery to civilization. Indeed, the study of tribal peoples was undertaken for the express purpose of rescuing from oblivion the precise historical steps of development through which civilized man had presumably passed. The views of anthropologists, however, were largely tempered by the concept of the psychic unity of mankind, propounded by E. B. Tylor, the "father" of modern anthropology. This early working assumption, long since proved to be simply a fact, permitted arguments for the equal educability of all peoples along the path of civilization, no matter how "primitive" their culture was at the moment or how much they might differ in physical appearance from Europeans. Such an enlightened opinion must be particularly admired when it is recalled that it was expounded in an age when the annihilation or exploitation of non-European peoples was justified as the fulfillment of evolutionary laws crudely understood as the survival of the fittest.

Unfortunately, allotment was to play into the greedy hands of those who shared Fletcher's views on the immutable course of civilization but who wrote off the Indians as savages unfit for civilization. What opposition did arise to the allotment policy in legislative discussion was based on predictions of people who were as sincerely concerned for Indians' rights as Fletcher's champions, but who were considerably more realistic about the opportunities allotment would open up for white cupidity. It is a singularly cruel irony that in long-range perspective the measures for which Fletcher was greatly responsible created as much hardship for

SMITHSONIAN OFFICE OF ANTHROPOLOGY BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY COLLECTION

Alice Fletcher with two of her Indian assistants, ca. 1887.

many Indian groups as did the occasional wanton slaughter of women and children or the instances of calculated connivance for Indian lands so regularly deplored in the recounting of frontier history.

Although Alice Fletcher was to become one of the most prominent anthropologists of her day, both for her monumental studies of the Omaha and for her more specialized researches on other tribes, little is known of her early life or what it was that prompted her initial interests in Indian welfare. She was born in 1838 during the temporary residence of her American parents on the island of Cuba. As a young woman she traveled widely and eventually gave public lectures on the Passion Play at Oberammergau. This effort may have been necessary for her own support because she was not wealthy when she took up the serious study of anthropology at about the age of forty. The excellence of her work won the esteem of F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum, who arranged for a special fellowship to be set up in 1891 to enable her to pursue her Indian studies for the rest of her life.

By the time of her death in 1923, at the age of eighty-five, Alice Fletcher had become a kind of living legend in anthropology, active to the end in promoting scholarly enterprises and benevolent works. Mild of manner and entirely lacking in petty contentiousness, she nevertheless possessed an unswerving determination and a power to sway others that was almost charismatic. In the words of Charles F. Lummis: "Some of her opponents never were quite sure what quiet, deep river had just drifted along and left them stranded far from their selfish hopes. She didn't fight—any more than the snowflake and the sunbeam fight. Like them, she Just Kept On. . . ."

Her cheerful obliviousness to reality as others saw it

was at times exasperating, and at least one anthropologist who knew her personally remembered her only as a "dreadfully opinionated woman." This impatient dismissal by Paul Radin of my casual inquiry in 1958 as to whether he had known Alice Fletcher distressed me at the time. I simply wished to know more about the intrepid woman who had done field work on the plains when the memory of the Little Big Horn was but five years old and the hostilities of the Ghost Dance were yet to come. On the basis of present research, Radin's reaction is entirely understandable. With almost anyone else Alice Fletcher could be all sweet reasonableness as the "expert" on Indian policy, but Radin was one of the few people in the early 1900's who actually saw and understood what was happening to her beloved Omaha and other tribes as a result of her efforts.

In 1879, when Miss Fletcher's concern with Indians pivoted almost entirely on what contemporary philanthropy considered to be good for them, she met Thomas Henry Tibbles—experienced frontiersman, minister, journalist, and ardent worker in the cause of Indian rights. His account of the meeting reveals the iron determination of the delicate lady from Boston:

> While we were in Boston in 1879, a lady told me that after studying ethnology for years in books and museums she now wished to visit Indian tribes in their own lodges, living as they lived and observing their daily customs herself—especially the women's and children's ways.
>
> "Did you ever camp out?" I asked.
>
> "No, never."
>
> I found it hard to take her plan seriously. She, a thorough product of city life, was evidently nearing her forties. I could not imagine her leaving all her home comforts to go out to the far frontier and live among the Indians in an Indian lodge. Still, she was so earnest that I reluctantly agreed to take her someday with our group for the trip she wished. But I gave her fair warning:
>
> "You can't stand such a trip. You'll have to sleep on the cold ground. The food will be strange to you. You'll meet storms on the open prairie and will be wet to the skin. Burning sun and wind will blister your face and hands. Long days of traveling will exhaust you. You'll have no privacy night or day. I'm sure you can never endure it."
>
> "Yes, I can!" she insisted.

On September 1, 1881, Alice Fletcher arrived at Omaha, Nebraska, and was met by Tibbles and Bright Eyes La Flesche, an educated Omaha woman who was associated in Tibbles' benevolent work and was soon to become his wife. Tibbles assembled an outfit for the three-day trip across the prairies to the Omaha Indian Reservation. Fletcher came, armed with letters from the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Interior, the Postmaster General, and scientists, but her real arms and buckler were a surprising physical stamina, a delight in her work, and that unbreakable will.

After introductions to members of the Omaha tribe, the two women, Tibbles, and an Omaha helper named Wajapa set off for the Winnebago Reservation, the Ponca settlement north of the Niobrara River, and finally the Rosebud Sioux Reservation in South Dakota. Alice Fletcher had made an immediately favorable impression on the Omaha, so that Wajapa willingly answered her questions about his people and told her myths and stories. He also gave her a name from his own eagle clan. Throughout his account, Tibbles designates Miss Fletcher only by her Omaha name, translated as "High Flyer."

Despite Wajapa's bestowal of an Indian name and his open friendliness, Miss Fletcher's final acceptance by the Omaha would hinge on more than a favorable first impression—as Tibbles learned when he overhead Wajapa explaining her presence to the Poncas: "She has come to see the Indians. She seems to be a very nice woman, but I haven't known her long enough to say for certain."

It should be noted that Tibbles' account was written in 1905, long after Alice Fletcher had achieved recognition as a professional anthropologist. His own fame, on the other hand, never extended far beyond the circle of benevolent workers with whom he associated. Because Fletcher subscribed to the ideals he cherished and because she certainly worked hard in the cause of Indian rights, he felt obliged as a Christian gentleman to give her credit where credit was due. At the same time, it is apparent from his writing that his pride suffered. His initial role as her teacher and guide among the Indians had been eclipsed swiftly and completely by her greater talent and energy. These factors combined to give to his account the air of an objective report through which the reader could judge Fletcher for himself.

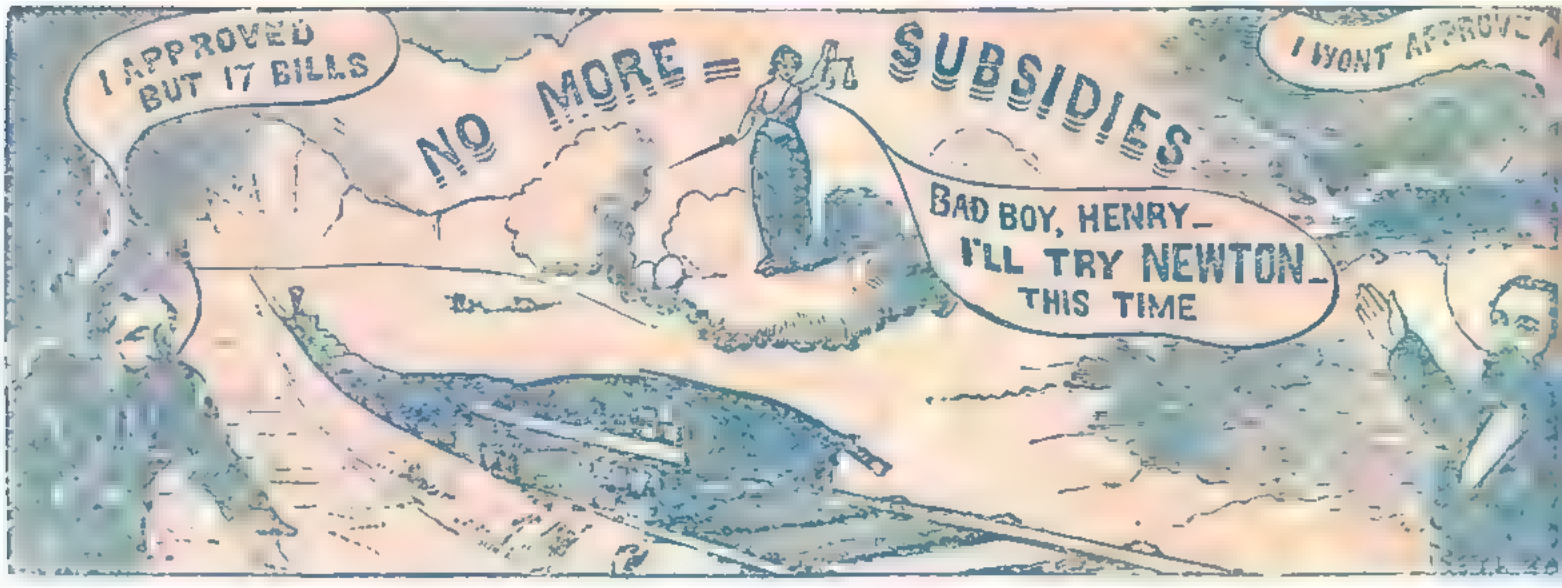
During the trip to the Rosebud Sioux Reservation Tibbles was terribly distressed at her outspoken criticism of Indian policy and her questioning of Indians about injustices. He had had experience with the amazing power wielded by Indian agents on the frontier and justifiably feared that her crusading zeal would get the party in trouble or even land them in prison. What really exasperated him, however, was her insistence on the proprieties of cultured Eastern society—especially when she refused to meet the Rosebud Reservation agent

Continued on p. 80

TAPEWORM TICKETS & SHOULDER STRIKERS

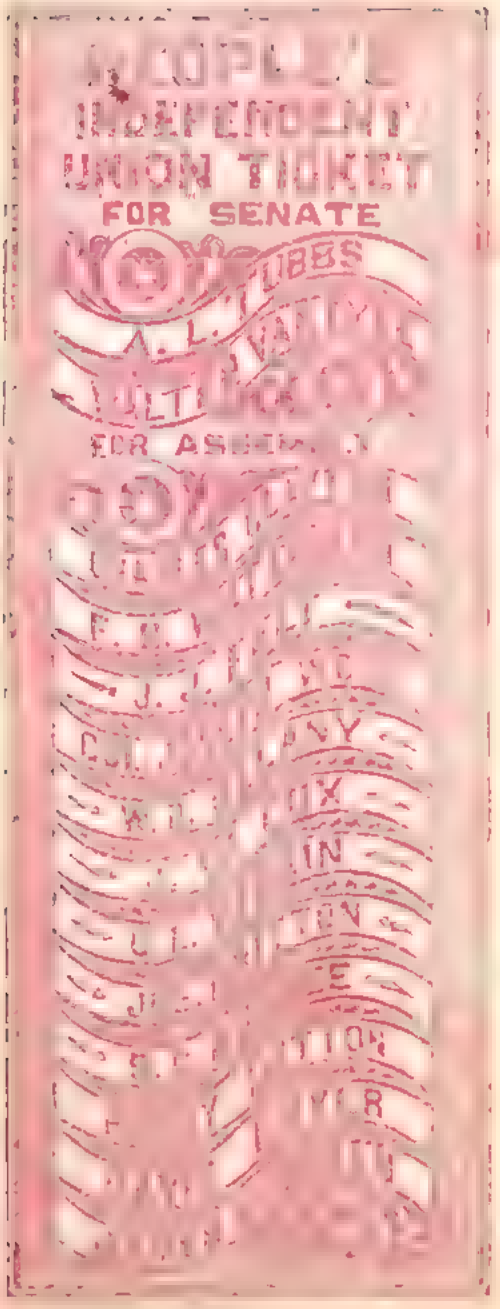
BY RICHARD REINHARDT

The figure of the ballot-rigging political scoundrel, his eyes aglow with mischief and his pockets stuffed with gold, occupies a gaudy little corner in the museum of American folklore. His setting is a gas-lit clubroom in the slums of some great, murky town on the Atlantic seaboard; and his era, by the consensus of innumerable novels and biographies, is the last two decades of the nineteenth



A judgment on the back of the California ballot, 1871.

ALL BALLOTS ARE FROM THE COLLECTION IN THE CALIFORNIA ROOM
CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY SACRAMENTO



The fronts of these ballots discouraged "scratching" or "pasting" . . .

century. These coordinates of place and time have been so well established that it is almost impossible to imagine him in another landscape and another guise—dressed, for example, in a flannel shirt and miner's boots, peddling patronage in the muddy streets of San Francisco, corralling corruptible citizens from the dusty alleys of Los Angeles,

. . . and their colorful backs provided easy identification, even when folded.

or passing out bribes in the tent towns of Nevada.

The sad truth is that this disreputable picaroon was quite at home in the Far West—and long before the railroad linked the Coast to the polluted East. In California, isolated and self-contained, the rascal established a luxuriant colony of thugs to intimidate impressionable voters; of master craftsmen in the manufacture of false-bottomed, flap-backed ballot boxes; of ticket forgers,

multinominal voters, registrars of the imaginary and the dead, and public officials who could "count in" a friend or "count out" an enemy by perfect miracles of election-night prestidigitation.

From the golden fifties through the silver seventies, the infant towns of the Pacific slope knew all the celebrated mechanisms of boss rule and election fraud that one associates with the Gas Ring, the Tweed Ring, and the back room of Peter Widener's butcher shop in Philadelphia. They dabbled with the Delaware System, the Tasmanian Trick, the pudding ballot, and the isinglass ticket; and while California was still a bandit-infested wilderness, it won national renown, of a sort, for its sophisticated ballot designs, guaranteed to prevent a willful voter from exercising independent judgment.

Some of this inspired chicanery reflected the experimental cast of the frontier mind. A similar spirit of innovation infected other transplanted institutions: churches, colleges, and courts of law. But political campaigning was especially haphazard and inventive. A train would bring the carpet-bagging candidate and retinue to town. That night: an after-dark parade, lighted by rows of candles on the windowsills and by blazing balls of camphene wicking lofted on broom handles, dripping globs of yellow fire; a trombone and a drum; a platform swathed in bunting; a tub of lukewarm beer; and in the morning only some tattered broadsheets fluttering in the streets, polemics in the papers, and the deep residue of prejudice, brought west from Massachusetts or Ohio or Virginia, that would, in the end, decide the issue of the race. ("I hear he is a good man and from Salem" . . . "A man well-known in Tennessee . . . .")

But part of the problem, plainly, was naiveté. California's pellucid little constitution, written before the territory had been admitted to the Union, said merely that "all elections by the people shall be by ballot." It added nothing about how the ballot should be prepared or administered, nor whether the counters might be beans in a box, black balls in an urn, or wisps of paper no bigger than your fingernail.

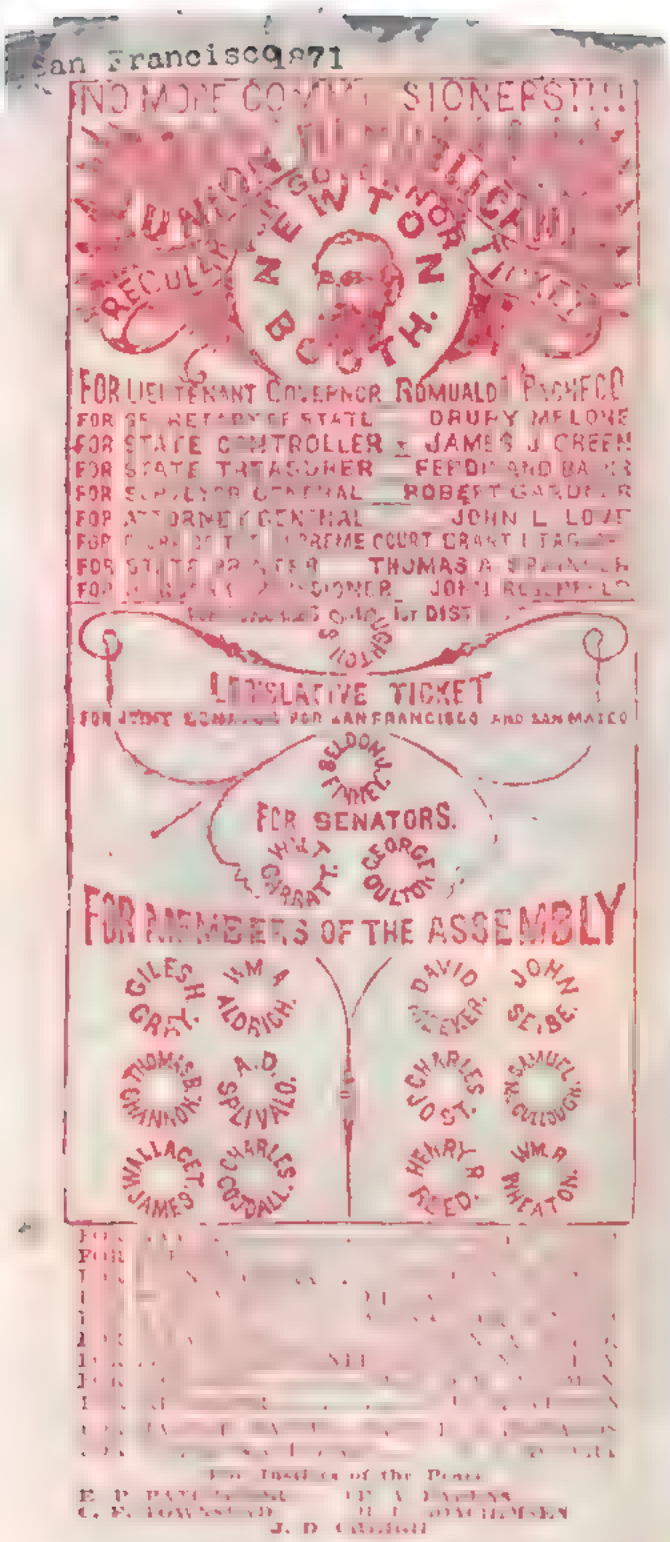
By custom, the ballot box was any sort of paltry cubical container found lying about the neighborhood. In San Francisco's first municipal election under American auspices, in 1846, they used an empty crate that had held flasks of lemon syrup. Down at the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles, known to the Yankees as "Loss Anjeluss," it was a candle box perched on the window ledge of an adobe shack. And in Vallejo, up the bay from San Francisco, the election officers simply trotted out the same old cracker box, year after year, until someone discovered that one of the judges was tucking supplementary ballots through a knothole in the back.

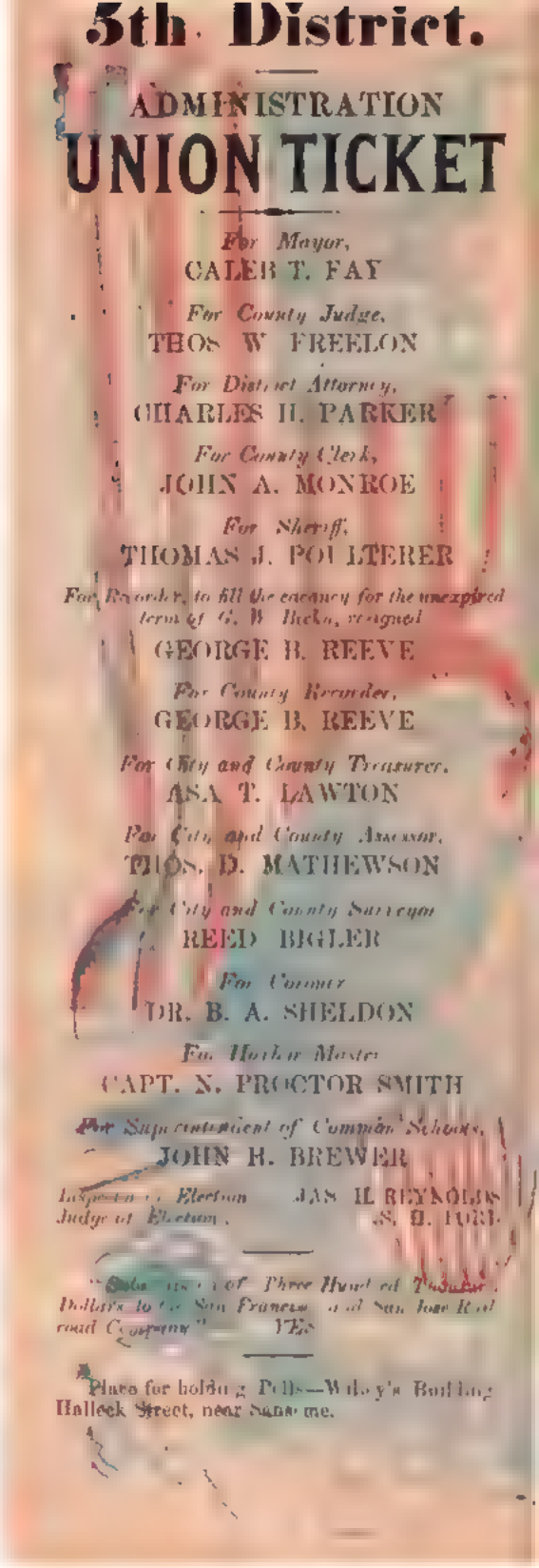
These vulnerable, virgin ballot boxes, crude as they were, attracted hordes of eager citizens, some of whom came to vote not once but several times. There was no register; the ballots were not numbered; and every man was encouraged to exercise his franchise, whether he was entitled to it or not. Even the crews of two French men-of-war voted in one San Francisco election. In *Sixty Years in Southern California,* Harris Newmark recalled:

> Challenging was the order of the day, yet after crimination and recrimination, the votes were generally permitted to be cast. Although it is true, of course, that many votes were legitimate, yet aliens such as Mexicans, who had not even considered the question of taking out citizenship papers, were permitted to vote, while Indians and half-breeds, who were not eligible for citizenship at all, were regularly given the franchise. The story is told of an election in Los Angeles at which a whole tribe of Indians was voted; while on another occasion the names of a steamer's passenger-list were utilized by persons who had already voted that very day, once or twice. Cutting off the hair, shaving one's beard or mustache, reclothing or otherwise transforming the appearance of the voter—these were some of the tricks then practiced, which the new registry law of 1866 only partially did away with.

And there were other tricks, considerably more subtle than a change of coiffure enroute to the polling place, that the new registry law did not even touch. The simplest of all was voter suasion, the very essence of the political "machine" as perfected by Aaron Burr and Matthew L. Davis back in 1800. To interview the voter, to instruct and entertain him, and then to *escort him to the polling booth*—these were the basic ploys in what is now called "grass-roots politics." The next level of refinement (and one in which the cities of the West excelled) was to recruit a corps of muscular assassins to drive away the voters of the opposition. As a New England farmer named Thomas J. Seward described it in a letter to his wife Lucy back home in Waldboro, Maine, in 1854:

> We had our election [in San Francisco] come off four days since for Municipal Officers and a great time we had of it. The No Nothings [sic] as they are termed by some carried their whole ticket much to the surprise of the old Party fogies. [Cornelius K.] Garrison the present Mayor was certain of a reelection and spent $50,000 to make everything sure, but he is defeated. He hired what we call here Shoulder Strikers to work





(above left) The front of the cartoon ballot on page 34. (above right) a flamboyant design, but names could be altered.

for him and after the polls was closed he got men to stuff the ballot boxes with his votes. The No Nothings heard of it, and were about to take the boxes from them or else have the privilege of watching them counted, but Garrison, afraid that would prevent his men from cheating, ordered two cannons to be placed near by, loaded with slugs to blow them to hell as he said. A meeting of NN was called and it was resolved to secure the cannon at all hazards which was done, and also 38 muskets was found loaded with ball secreted in a store near by. . . . Garrison is playing afraid he will be lynched, and has come out with a card denying his knowing these men he employed were such scoundrels. What we called Shoulder Strikers here are Rowdies and prize fighters in the Atlantic States.

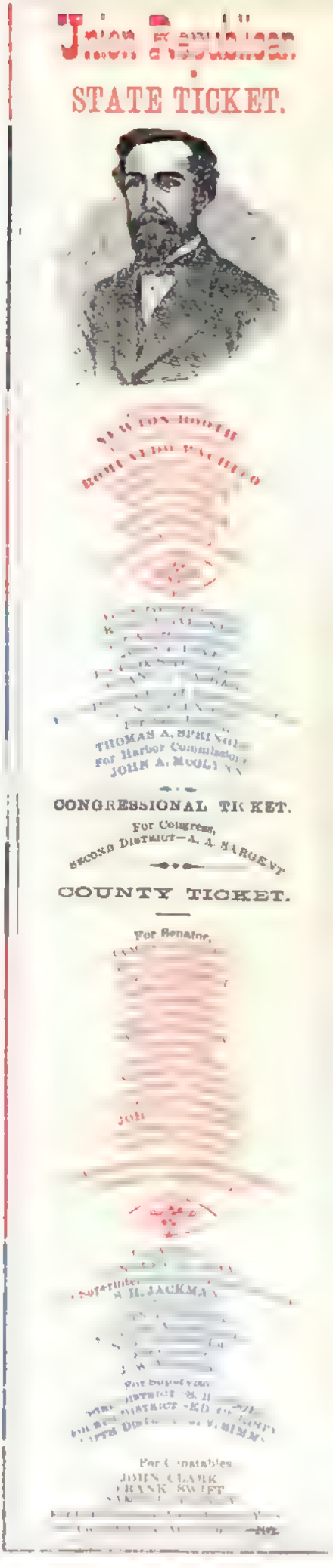
The new mayor, a sound New Englander named Stephen Webb, professed a sincere desire to decontaminate the politics of San Francisco, but the boorish little settlement was only at the beginning of its career of electoral misbehavior. During the next few years, San Francisco established a world standard for civic delinquency; historian Theodore H. Hittell, writing in the reformist mood of the 1880's, was moved to say that there had never been a "deeper depth of political degradation" in the United States than at San Francisco in 1854-55. (Unfortunately, deeper depths have subsequently been explored.)

Hittell attributed San Francisco's notorious depravity to the magnetism of the gold fields, which lured away all the able-bodied gentlemen and left the affairs of the municipality to "men of the vilest character, who had served an apprenticeship in New York and other hotbeds of political corruption in all the arts of defrauding the people out of their choice in the nomination of candidates and the election of officers."

But not all vile San Franciscans came from New York. In 1850 nearly a fourth of the population of California had come from foreign countries, often directly from such penal colonies as Botany Bay. Nevertheless, there was some reason to suspect New York of spawning that particular virus that infested the body politic. Several companies of New York volunteers, mustered out in San Francisco after the Mexican War, promptly had set up a tent called Tammany Hall, which became a day and night center for dissipation and brigandage and a school of instruction in electoral cunning. The city's slyest politicians emanated from New York. Senator David Broderick; his sidekick, the corruptible Judge Ned McGowan; and Alderman James Casey, victim of Vigilance.

Casey, a Sing Sing trainee, enjoyed a brief but dazzling political success early in 1856—largely, it was rumored, on the strength of his flair with the Double Improved Back-Action Ballot Box, a mechanical chef d'oeuvre that could be pre-stuffed to assure the election of the People's Choice of your choice. When Casey gunned down a critical newspaper editor, a solemn committee of his neighbors hanged him from the upstairs window of a downtown office building; and to justify this extralegal process, they simply trotted out the frightful ballot box.

By happy chance, a police captain had found a working model of the Casey vote-catcher in a saloon near Mission Street. The Vigilantes, noting some public disapproval of their regime, displayed the box for several days in their committee room. Then, to quiet further criticism, they called a Saturday morning rally and unveiled the nefarious machine before 15,000 spectators.



A simple ballot—but hard to "scratch".

Mariposa, 1856.

REPUBLICAN Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

John C. Fremont,

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

William L. Dayton.

State Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS,

ALEXANDER BELL.
F. P. TRACY,
LEWIS C. GUNN.
C. N. ORMSBY

FOR CONGRESS,

IRA P. RANKIN
J. N. TURNER.

FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT

CORNELIUS COLE.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

J. M. BUFFINGTON.

FOR STATE PRISON DIRECTOR

MOSES ARMS.

FOR STATE SENATE

SAM. BELL.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

SAM. KELLY,
B. BOGGS.

SUPERVISOR.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

CONSTABLES.

1867 [illegible]

UNION STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
GEORGE C. GORHAM ..... Of San Francisco.
For Lieutenant-Governor,
J. P. JONES ..... Of Trinity.
For Secretary of State,
W. H. PARKS ..... Of Sutter.
For State Controller,
JOSIAH HOWELL ..... Of Sacramento.
For Justice of the Supreme Court,
JOHN CURREY ..... Of Solano.
For Surveyor-General,
CHARLES F. REED ..... Of Yolo.
For Attorney-General,
J. G. M'CULLOUGH ..... Of Mariposa.
For State Treasurer,
ROMUALDO PACHECO ..... Of San Luis Obispo.
For Harbor Commissioner,
CHAS. CLAYTON ..... Of San Francisco.
For Clerk of Supreme Court,
M. G. WAITE ..... Of Nevada.
For State Printer,
D. O. M'CARTHY ..... Of San Francisco.
For Supt. of Public Instruction,
JOHN SWETT ..... Of San Francisco.

For Congress—Second District,
WILLIAM HIGBY ..... Of Calaveras.

Tuolumne County, Union Ticket.

STATE SENATOR ..... C. L. STREET.
MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
OTIS PERRIN. WM. A. DAVIES. O. L. MATHEWS.
SHERIFF ..... WILLIAM G. LONG.
COUNTY CLERK ..... GIDEON THOMPSON.
COUNTY TREASURER ..... D. M. KENFIELD.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY ..... E. F. HUNTER.
SUPT. COM. SCHOOLS ..... F. M. CROSSETT.
COUNTY SURVEYOR ..... A. B. BEAUVAIS.
CORONER ..... C. BURDEN.

District No. 2

COLLECTOR ..... J. L. R. BOWEN.
ASSESSOR ..... A. MARGO.

1870 S. F.

FIRST WARD.

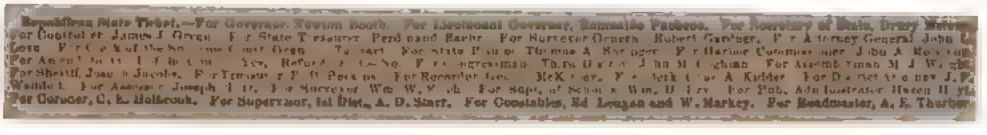
REGULAR

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor
John Bigler
For Lieut. Governor
Joseph B. Norgaard
For Secretary of State
Henry Hilton
For Attorney General
Alexander Wells
For Controller
Thomas Walsh
For Treasurer
Andrew Smith
For Surveyor General
Thomas H. Holt
For Clerk Supreme Court
Thomas Nunan
For Public Administrator
William Dolan.
For Supervisor
STEWART MENZIES
For School Director

WILLIAM A. PLUNKET.

A voter might easily change the simple-minded ballot of 1856 (left) by scratching a name or pasting a printed strip across it. By 1867 (above) an up-to-date county committee would protect its own by crowding the names in a style to thwart the "paster." A characteristic ballot of 1870 (right) foiled democracy with art; even the back was printed with a highly identifiable "bank note" design. Finally, the notorious "Tapeworm" of 1871 could scarcely be altered, or even duplicated in size, shape, and material.


Republican State Ticket.—For Governor, Newton Booth. For Lieutenant Governor, Romualdo Pacheco. For Secretary of State, Drury Melvin. For Controller James J. Green. For State Treasurer, Ferdinand Eavis. For Surveyor General, Robert Gardner. For Attorney General John L. Love. For Clerk of the Supreme Court Orgn. Tarbox. For State Printer, Thomas A. Morgan. For Harbor Commissioner, John A. Mackenzie. For Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Jos. McKinstry, Reform Democrat. For Congressman, Thos. Davis. For Assembly, John M. Coghlan. For Assembly, Frank M. J. Wallace. For Sheriff, Joseph Jacobs. For Treasurer, P. H. Canavan. For Recorder, [illegible] McKinney. For County Clerk, A. Kidder. For District Attorney, J. P. Weddell. For Assessor, Joseph Hall. For Surveyor, Wm. W. Wolfe. For Supt. of Schools, Wm. H. Ivy. For Public Administrator, Hazen Hyde. For Coroner, C. E. Holbrook. For Supervisor, 1st Dist., A. D. Starr. For Constables, Ed Lonigan and W. Marker. For Headmaster, A. E. Thurber.

"Here is the orator of the occasion," cried a spokesman for the Committee of Vigilance. "I beg to introduce to you a harp of a thousand strings. I am sorry I can not present to you the harpist. . . . There are some gentlemen in this city who understand how to work it: I don't. They know its secret operations and slides. I want you all to understand it. It is a powerful machine. It will elevate the meanest vagabond in the country to the highest office in the state."

The demonstration apparently swept aside, at least for the time being, all doubts about the propriety of vigilantism. The Double Improved Back-Action Ballot Box was seen no more, and for twenty years the Vigilance Committee and its successors controlled the politics of San Francisco. But no one had ever questioned the efficiency of the box, and its quaint uses were not forgotten in the West. Three decades later, Martin Kelly, a Republican leader of San Francisco, commissioned a talented artisan named George Hand to manufacture a set of false-bottomed ballot boxes that exactly resembled the legitimate city boxes. These counterfeits were smuggled into certain key precincts where they bolstered the vote for the incumbent county committee. To protect the counterfeits from tampering, Boss Kelly hired some good old shoulder strikers (now known as "rock rollers") to patrol the polling places and harass the opposition.

Kelly, like other sordid characters who meddled in Western elections, seldom relied entirely on what could be accomplished at the polling places. He also took charge, whenever possible, of the official election staff. This was easy enough in California, where local boards of supervisors appointed election officers. A Supervisor usually owed his position to the reigning party organization, and he would cheerfully endorse the central committee's nominees for the election board. In this way the party boss—often working in collusion with his counterpart in the opposition party—could handpick the election bureaucracy.

Loyal, ingenious, and nimble-fingered, a well greased election board was of immeasurable value to a political machine. Board members could tear up an opponent's ballots, scratch out his name, and miscalculate his total vote. An election board controlled by San Francisco Democratic Boss "Blind Chris" Buckley once "counted out" a strong Republican nominee for sheriff by hiding points of lead pencils under their fingernails and obliterating the Republican's name on innumerable ballots. It was like the case described by Boss Tweed of New York: "The ballots made no result, the counters made the result."

Looking back on some youthful political adventures of the 1850's, a California businessman named Charles Murdock recalled: "One served as an election officer at the risk of sanity if not of life. In the 'Fighting Seventh' Ward [a tough, working-class neighborhood in an industrial area] I once counted ballots for thirty-six consecutive hours, and as I remember conditions, I was the only officer who finished sober."

The consumption of time and spirits was not surprising, considering the rigors of the task. Each party printed its own ballots in whatever shape and color it wanted. So did nearly every candidate. Sometimes there would be dozens of sizes and designs. If a voter wanted to change his ballot, he could scratch out a name and write in a substitute, or paste over part of the ticket with a sticker supplied by some rival candidate. Often, a number of tickets would be printed on thin paper, so that half a dozen could be pressed together into a "pudding ballot" that looked no thicker than a normal ballot when it was slipped into the box; and an honest election judge was expected to throw out all layers of a "pudding ballot."

In the design of ballots the political geniuses of the West, uninhibited by artistic or ethical restraints, achieved their most spectacular results. Every incumbent boss sought to create a "regular" ticket that could be recognized by its color and shape. Then, by keeping watch over his flock, he could make sure that none of his lambs strayed away to a rival camp. To break the control of the machine, an insurgent leader would have to supply potential defectors with a ballot the same size and color as the "regular" ticket—or else face the likelihood that they would be beaten up or chased away from the polling booths.

Early on election day, the freshly printed ballots would be handed out to a corps of party workers who hoped to win glory and patronage by bringing in hordes of voters with unblemished tickets. As proof against counterfeiting, the tickets were decorated with fanciful heraldic emblems, patriotic slogans, and swaths of red, green, and blue. Shoulder-striking challengers eyed every precinct.

"The tickets were, as a rule, prepared with the greatest secrecy possible, and kept under lock and key until the last possible moment before use," writes Frank A. Leach, a California newspaper editor of the era. "There were times when this matter assumed very great importance, and committees were delegated to remain with the printers to receive the tickets as fast as printed and in other

Continued on p. 85

By ROGER OLMSTED

SHIPWRECKED!

. . . Being a resume of some of the difficulties encountered in the navigation of the Pacific Coast.

Man is an animal who trades in dangerous expedients; he warms himself with fire and encapsulates himself in upholstered meteorites. In short, he fools with elements of which he is not the instinctive master. A risky business, this. Technology is the "learned behavior pattern" by which man not merely copes with his environment, but creates it. And among the more remarkable environmental creations of the race has been the navigation of the seas. Our American West is as much a child of the navigator as it is of the tired-footed pioneer, for the West was seized from both sides at once, and it was the maritime enterprise of Americans that nailed down the limits of their empire when most of what stood between the navigable Mississippi and the Pacific Coast was thought not much worth fighting for.

Many lives and many ships were lost in the commercial conquest of the Far West. During the heyday of Pacific shipping—from about the time of the California Gold Rush through the

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First World War—certainly more lives were taken by the sea than ever were lost to the Western Indians. Some of the maritime disasters of the Pacific Coast were fearful, the burning of the Pacific Mail steamer *Golden Gate* off Manzanillo, Mexico, with a loss of 223 lives, having been sufficiently horrendous to warrant immortalization by Currier & Ives. More often, the death of ships was merely a spectacular example of man's technological mastery brought to ruin through simple error or the forces of nature.

The cost of error is illustrated in the photo of the coastal liner *Santa Rosa* broken on the rocks of Point Arguello—a sight well worth a family outing. Another type of "outing" was forced upon the crew of the ship *Tacoma* (lower right), when the whole Western Alaska cannery fleet was trapped by the ice of Bristol Bay in 1918; the *Tacoma* was crushed and her men forced to abandon ship and hike across the ice to more fortunate vessels.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN AND THE SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

The West Coast of the United States is not especially favored with protected harbors and anchorages, and the old saw, "Any port in a storm," hardly applied to the exposed "harbors" of Mendocino and Southern California, where the rule was to get out to sea the moment nasty weather brewed up. The photographs above and to the left illustrate the havoc wreaked at Redondo Beach by sudden storms in the spring of 1904 and the fall of 1905.

Caught at the pier, the *Gardiner City* (upper left) reared and plunged—until the following morning she was a dismasted, waterlogged wreck, and the pier itself in scarcely better condition. The barkentine *Katie Flickenger* (above and center, left) made a spectacle of herself to the beachfront householders, while the *Mabel Gray* came to her end amidst enough kindling to keep the home fires of Rendodo burning for a year.

The sheltered ports of the northern coast were safe enough once entered, but even in otherwise moderate weather the bars at the entrances were apt to set up a dangerous breaking sea. A typical bar disaster, the loss of the schooner *Onward*, is reconstructed in the photographs at the right. A safe crossing of the Coquille River Bar by the *Onward* was captured by the local Bandon photographer a few months before he recorded her demise (upper right and finale at upper right on the next spread).

On February 25, 1905, the *Onward* and two other schooners stood off and on outside the Coquille River. It was Saturday afternoon, and all hands looked forward to a relaxing evening in the fleshpots of Bandon, but the little tug *Triumph* could not pass the breakers to tow them in. The *Advance* ran the bar, the *Onward* followed. In the trough of the sea she struck bottom, broached, blew a sail, carried away her anchors and fetched up in a rock-strewn cove south of the entrance.

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As often as not there was a profit to be taken by some one when a ship went ashore. Likely the ship and cargo would be sold by the insurer to the highest bidder, who could make a small fortune in salvage if the sea stayed calm and the ship did not break up too fast.

The charming watercolor shows the ship *Viscata* rolling in the surf just outside the Golden Gate. As the pile of goods and gear on the beach indicates, the salvage operation is paying out. The naked, stumpy look of this once-tall ship is the result of her topgallant masts and yards having already been put ashore—perhaps to rig some other ship some other day.

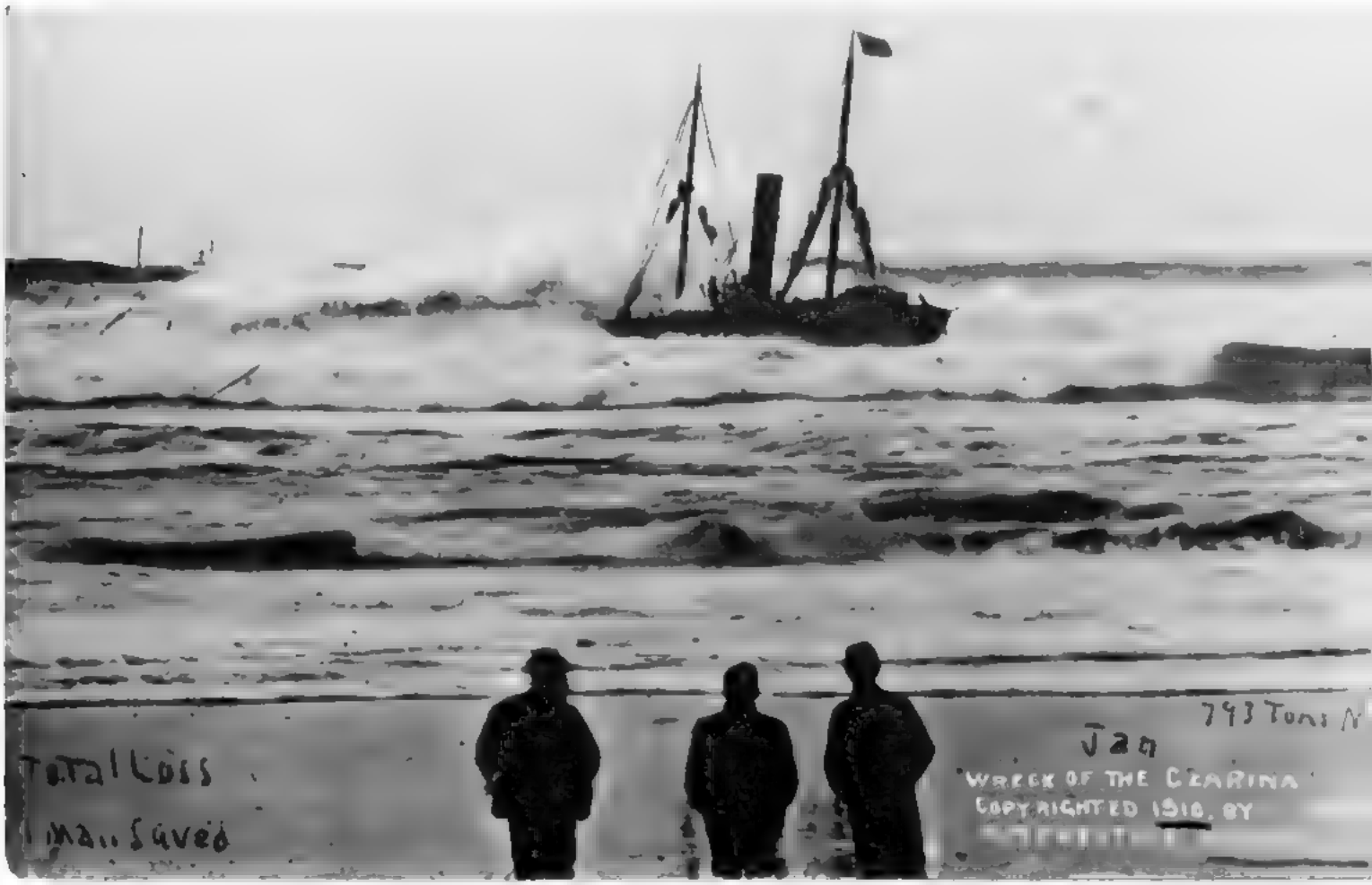
Nothing was wasted: in the case of the three-masted schooner *Reporter*, ashore on San Francisco's Ocean Beach, the mizzen mast has been removed to expedite discharge of lumber—and even the through-bolted iron chain plates have been taken with the rigging. No source of revenue has been overlooked. A wreck on a city beach draws crowds, right? So why *not* sell advertising space to the alert Jessie Moore Whiskey distillers?

For low comedy "happenings" of smashing pictorial effect, the wreck of the *Glenesslin* (left) is a leading competitor. On October 1, 1913, this British ship was observed converging upon the Oregon coast. The breeze was light, the sea calm, and visibility limited only by the curvature of the earth. Right up into Mount Neah-Kah-Nie she converged, and when her men got off they smelled of booze . . . so her drivers got their licenses suspended.

. . . For humiliating penultimate attitudes, the case of the little schooner *John D. Spreckels* (far left) deserves attention. Run down off the Golden Gate, she lay in this precarious state of slightly better than negative buoyancy until she was dragged into San Francisco Bay.

. . . For the desperate squalor of ruin cast on the shore: the schooner *Marconi* (below, left), outward bound from Coos Bay to Valparaiso, parted her tow line in the breakers of the bar and left her twisted hulk and scattered cargo on the beach.

. . . For the unrelenting horror that can be: the steamer *Czarina* (below) and twenty-four of her twenty-five men die a few fathoms beyond the reach of helpers who can give no help. As the freezing breakers of the Oregon coast sweep the vessel, the men drop, one by one, from the rigging that is their last refuge . . . .



THE LEGACY OF THE AMERICAN WILD WEST IN MEDIEVAL SCHOLARSHIP

BY OWEN ULPH

Lynn White's "The Legacy of the Middle Ages in the American Wild West," which appeared in the Spring, 1966, number of The American West, *presented a sufficiently novel viewpoint to have elicited protest from some of those who view historical processes in a different light. Owen Ulph, Professor of History at Reed College, is particularly outspoken in taking Dr. White to task. The editors of* The American West, *feeling that a lively theory deserves a lively response, herewith offer Professor Ulph's commentary and alternative views as to the importance of the medieval "legacy."*

An old Paiute woman once advised the late Emma Rogers to rub the mangled scalp of a groaning cowhand with the underside of the saddle blanket of the snake-eyed snorter that had objected to being shod and had tried to kick the unwary buckaroo into a casket. "What good will that do?" Emma asked with the dry skepticism of one who had operated a sizeable cow-outfit in central Nevada for over forty years.

"Dunno, Miss Emma," the grizzled squaw grunted. "Ain't never seen it do no harm."

This anecdote came to my mind after I had read Lynn White's article, "The Legacy of the Middle Ages in the American Wild West." Professor White assembles evidence which has the weight of a wet saddle blanket, but which seems to me irrelevant to the problems of the American West—wild or tame.

One might, with justification, describe this powerfully watered article as an example of the legacy of the undisciplined West in medieval scholarship. A polished art of the old West was that of "humbug," perfected in the "tall tale"—a creative project in which the unsuspecting victim singled out for treatment is casually induced to swallow a string of "facts" which, at the outset, seem digestible. The tale grows increasingly preposterous, but is supported, nevertheless, by impeccable logic until the final coup de grace is administered and the dupe realizes, belatedly, that he has been had. This form of psychological thrashing was inflicted on Trampas by the Virginian, and Mark Twain exploited the spun-out yarn with devastating effect in his accounts of the "hanted bar'l," the jumping frog, and the perch that fell into the ditch and drowned after having been trained by degrees to live on dry land.

If Professor White had addressed himself only to *aficionados* of the American West, he could be suspected of having brewed a frothy draught of scholarly bunko. But despite his reputation as a wit, he was not indulging in whimsy. He was in earnest. His article first appeared in *Speculum*, a journal ill-disposed toward frivolity. Consequently, it is not inappropriate to examine his thesis as though it were put forth with serious intent. Let us consider first his historical logic, secondly the pedigree

and performance of his evidence, and lastly, let us venture some hopefully illuminating comments on what relationships actually exist between the Middle Ages and the American West.

"A blind spot in the study of the history of the United States," Professor White blandly asserts, "is failure to recognize our detailed and massive continuity with the European Middle Ages." It would require a bale of paper and a barrel of ink to expose fully the absurdity of this opening statement. What cultural heritage the United States has acquired from Europe has been noted by various scholars. The "blind spot" and the "failure" are fantasies created by the author to gull readers into accepting a tendentious thesis as serious history. A careful scrutiny of the monograph reveals the "detailed and massive continuity" to consist of a scatter of incidental technological gadgets presumably used by medieval rustics before they were included in mail-order catalogs, and some exceedingly shaggy generalizations concerning the transmission of dubious medieval attitudes and values to the society of the New World.

Let us quickly run through the chute Professor White's gathering of medieval artifacts that made the Wild West possible. According to White, the whippletree, the spring coach, the Colt revolver, the covered wagon, the harness, the horseshoe, the stirrup, the windmill, the log cabin, the poker deck, whiskey, and "hanging" were all items in the Westerner's baggage that would have been absent without medieval inventiveness. "If Seneca . . . had persuaded his pupil Nero to anticipate Isabella's patronage of Columbus, Roman pioneers would have penetrated the American wilderness with an equipment vastly inferior to that which was later available." The profundity of this statement is accented by a tenuous account of medieval contributions to the improvement of the wagon. One could point out with equal profundity that had no encouragement been given to overseas expansion until introduction of the four-wheel drive, settlers would have had an easier time spanning the new continent, and members of the Donner Party would have been spared the necessity of eating each other. Wire was a medieval product, we are told. The Midwest had only "to add the barbs." Such is the class of historical continuity which, according to Professor White, enables us to "comprehend ourselves as Americans . . . and relate ourselves to our deeper past, the Middle Ages."

Awareness of cultural continuity is certainly basic to civilized society. It is a source of perspective, ethical detachment, and moral reserve—the distinguishing characteristics of an aristocratic mind. It curbs unbridled parochialism and restrains ethnocentric bumptiousness, traits not unknown in the bucolic West. It is, in short, synonymous with "the sense of history" and is an essential ingredient of wisdom

If these are points which Professor White had in mind, they are obscured. There is no explanation of the precise way in which Americans gain stature or insight, or are enabled to "comprehend" themselves better by being told that other forest peoples built log cabins or that wire existed before enemies of the horse, in collusion with cloth merchants, put a barb on it. If this is the meaning of "continuity," a more effective treatise could have been written on the legacy of the Egyptians, to whom medieval Europeans as well as the inhabitants of the American Wild West were culturally indebted. These ancient peoples invented writing, irrigation, land measurement, the calendar, the wheel, paper, bread, beer, and more items than could be packed in a Conestoga wagon. If we were to employ White's rigorous historical method, we would declare: "The paleolithic pot was the forerunner of Dupont's plastic container!" Furthermore, we could attach great significance to the legacy of the Chinese, who supplied the West with lotteries and ingenious gambling games, chop suey, ranch cooks, railroad workers, and laundries, thus shaping its "character."

The point is that White's approach to the West is shallow. It does not *significantly* differentiate

WILLI BAUM

between the contributions of the European Middle Ages and the contributions of any other epoch. To point out that the art of distilling whiskey was brought to Pennsylvania by Scotch-Irish immigrants may be an amusing bit of information for a quiz program, but it produces no new historical insights and can hardly support such a brash conclusion as "Minnie's saloon is unintelligible apart from the Middle Ages."

When Professor White moves from the technological to the institutional and attitudinal aspects of his detailed and massive legacy, his observations become increasingly rarified. Medievalism manages to sire both Latin American authoritarianism and North American constitutional pluralism. Locke, Montesquieu, and Jefferson are left out with the dry cattle. The reader also learns that without "the ancient Hebrew nostalgic idealization of the forty years spent in the desert between Egypt and Palestine . . . it is doubtful whether the American wilderness would have been conquered and settled so quickly." While White acknowledges that the ancient Hebrews were not medieval Europeans, their attitudes were assertedly transmitted to the "horny-handed plowmen and craftsmen who populated our continent" by Church Fathers, medieval ascetics, mystics, and "radical Anabaptists." Professor White's sophistries run loose over unfenced range. The reader will, perhaps, excuse a frustrated hand for coiling his medieval rope and abandoning the chase.

In order to leave a clean pasture before we run in fresh stock, it is necessary to comment briefly on Professor White as a technological historian, a reputation which he established with the publication of his *Medieval Technology and Social Change* in 1962. In this sprightly work (from which the materials published in the *American West* were largely derived) White states, in a rare instance of perspicacity and restraint, "As our understanding of the history of technology increases, it becomes clear that a new device merely opens a door; it does not compel one to enter. The acceptance or rejection of an invention, or the extent to which its implications are realized if it is accepted, depends quite as much upon the condition of a society, and upon the imagination of its leaders, as upon the nature of the technological item itself."

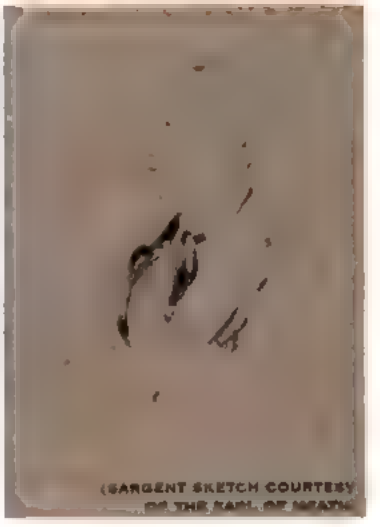
Having enunciated this pungent truth, White henceforth disregards it. His obsession with incunabula, coupled with a not entirely ingenuous desire to enjoy the role of pioneer (another example of the legacy of the undisciplined West on medieval scholarship) prompts White to employ both carrot and lash in the effort to induce readers to accept his novel discoveries. Always on the alert for established allies, White attempts to recruit Walter Prescott Webb, who, thirty-five years ago, exploited technological determinism to account for the rapid taming of the Great Plains. One faulty beam, however, is not reinforced by another. When White describes Webb's work as "revolutionizing" our thinking about the Great Plains, he attributes to the relatively more sober Texan the same hysterical methodology which White himself employs when he attributes the evolution of the complex medieval feudal structure to the sudden appearance in Western Europe of the stirrup. Science and technology were important in the development of the West, but it should be apparent to any critical historian that Indian and "outlaw" extermination did not begin with the Colt revolver, fencing was not inaugurated by barbed wire, and stock-raising and farming were not consequences of the introduction of the windmill. The reverse of these processes was, in fact, the case. Demand for such devices instigated discovery. While it is not scientifically fruitful to debate which came first, the hen or the egg, it is often possible and sometimes useful to determine which particular hens emerged from which batch of eggs and which particular eggs were ejected from which particular hens.

Webb's work *contributes* to the history of the West,

Continued on p. 88

THE DUDE FROM LIMERICK

BY MARSHALL SPRAGUE



Most English dudes had traveled widely before they went to the American West, and none more than Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, the fourth Earl of Dunraven and Mount-earl in the Peerage of Ireland, second Baron Kenry of the United Kingdom, Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, and Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In his autobiography, Dunraven wrote that he was born in 1841 "at Adare, in the good little old County of Limerick." It was his fate to have a stern Roman Catholic for a father and a determined Low Church Protestant for a mother. The two could not agree on a religion for their only son so the father shipped him off to Rome for High Church instruction near the Vatican and forbade the mother to write to him. But she got her messages through somehow. She even managed to have him schooled briefly in Paris, where he learned fluent and vernacular French along the Boul'-Mich and picked up all manner of bad habits as well as an appreciation of fine wines and pretty girls. "It is most annoying," he complained later, "that everything that is pleasant is all wrong."

He was almost seventeen—very tall, very skinny, very positive—when he told his parents gently, for he was fond of them, to have their religious differences over somebody else. At the same time, he disobeyed them by going to Oxford instead of to some sort of church training place. Life, he had decided, was too short and too full of wonderful things to see and do to waste time on High or Low religion.

His three years at Oxford were fine. Study was not a required part of the curriculum. He raced his horses and played cricket and practiced on his violin to his heart's content, and cruised around the Isles on his yacht, the *Cripple*. Then he was a soldier, more or less—cornet-of-horse in the First Life Guards—during which service he fought the Battle of Hyde Park when the Reform League mob stormed the area. In '67, he studied spiritualism under the renowned table-lifter, Daniel Dunglas Home. The medium's seances, with rappings and handless guitar-playing, convinced Dunraven that people could communicate after death, but he preferred the living for company. When Sir Robert Napier went to war in Abyssinia, Dunraven went along as a reporter for the *London Daily Telegraph*. A year later he married Florence Elizabeth Kerr, one of the highborn Lothian tribe, and took her to the United States for their honeymoon.

The honeymoon was merely an excuse. Dunraven had been around, as we have said—to the Holy Land, Rhodes, Constantinople, Greece, Sicily, North Africa, and so on. But always he had dreamed of going west, particularly west of the Mississippi, to hunt. In his autobiography he recalled his feelings on his way to New York in the summer of 1869: "I was young—not twenty-eight years of age; and my boyish brain-cells were stored to bursting with tales of Red Indians and grizzly b'ars; caballeros and haciendas, prairies and buffalos, Texans and Mexicans, cowboys and voyageurs, and had not yet discharged or jettisoned their cargo. I was in search of such sport and adventure as, under the circumstances, were to be found."

Many people had posted him on western affairs. An uncle from County Sligo had known Sir St. George Gore and had told Dunraven of Gore's hunting years in Wyoming. Captain John Palliser, whose home was in Tipperary, had often visited Adare and had brought him more stories. Palliser had roamed the upper Missouri country in 1847–1848 and had headed the government's Palliser Expedition to the Canadian Rockies in the late

1850's. Palliser was a child's ideal—the mighty hunter who enjoyed romping around Adare playing trappers and Indians with the future fourth Earl.

After landing in New York in '69, the impatient Dunraven first had to do the social rounds with his bride—the Brevoort House, Delmonico's, Newport, Lake George, Washington, D.C., Richmond—as a preamble to westering. In Richmond he collapsed of sunstroke and was forced to cut short the honeymoon and go home. He did not get back to the United States until the fall of 1871, after having covered the Franco-Prussian War for the *London Daily Telegraph*. His father had died recently and he was Lord Dunraven now, master of thirty thousand acres in Ireland and in Wales. He followed custom by taking along his own doctor, George Henry Kingsley, who was Isabella Bird's friend. George Kingsley was getting on in years—he was forty-five—but he had hunted far and wide as physician for various dukes and earls, and he was tough.

On this second American trip, Dunraven hurried with Kingsley straight to Chicago, having a letter of introduction to General Philip H. Sheridan. The earl found the general to be "a great soldier and a delightful man, with the one pecularity of using the most astounding swear words quite calmly and dispassionately in ordinary conversation." Sheridan had an antlered trophy hanging in his Army headquarters office. Dunraven called it a wapiti, which amused Sheridan. It was, the general said, an elk. His Lordship retorted that, properly, an "elk" was a "moose," explaining further that Americans called an elk an "elk" for the same reason, or lack of reason, that they called thrushes "robins" and grouse "partridges."

Next day, the general wired Fort McPherson for hunting guides and sent Dunraven and Kingsley along by train to North Platte, Nebraska. Two guides met them at the North Platte station. One, of course, was Buffalo Bill Cody; the other Texas Jack Omohondro, who was white mostly, for all his Indian name. Dunraven described the two in his autobiography:

> Both were tall, well-built, active-looking men, with singularly handsome features. Bill was dressed in a pair of corduroys tucked into his high boots, and a blue flannel shirt. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, or sombrero, and had a white handkerchief folded like a little shawl loosely fastened around his neck to keep off the fierce rays of the afternoon sun. Jack's costume was similar, with the exception that he wore moccasins, and had his lower limbs encased in a pair of comfortable greasy deerskin trousers, ornamented with a fringe along the seams. Round his waist was a belt supporting a revolver, two butcher knives, and in his hand he carried his trusty rifle, the "Widow"—now in my possession. Jack, tall and lithe, with light brown close-cropped hair, clear laughing honest blue eyes, and a soft and winning smile, might have sat as a model for a typical modern Anglo-Saxon—if ethnologists will excuse the term. Bill was dark, with quick searching eyes, aquiline nose, and delicately cut features, and he wore his hair falling in long ringlets over his shoulders, in true Western style. As he cantered up, with his flowing locks and broad-brimmed hat, he looked like a picture of a cavalier of olden times.

They passed the night in North Platte's small hotel. In the morning, Dunraven had the commonest of reactions to the Great Plains:

> I was oppressed with the vastness of the country; the stillness and boundlessness of the plains seemed to press like a weight upon my spirits and I was not sorry to get back into the bustle and busy life of Fort McPherson. After a while, I became accustomed to the plains. The feeling of depression of spirits which was at first occasioned by the monotony and quiet coloring of everything faded away and the limitlessness of the prairie only impressed me with a feeling of freedom, and created rather an exhilaration of spirits than otherwise.

Dunraven and Kingsley spent a happy month with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, hunting elk north of the North Platte River. The earl berated the cowardly elk "stags" (bulls) for trying to save their skins by hiding among the "hinds" (cows), but he was very pleased to get a handsome trophy for the fireplace at Adare. His account of how his party looked arriving back at Fort McPherson was blunt and colorful:

> We were about the dirtiest, most blood-stained, hungriest, happiest, most contented, and most disreputable crowd to be found anywhere in the great territories of the West.

A year later, in early November, 1872, the two dudes returned from Britain to Fort McPherson. This time Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack led them south of the Platte to Medicine Creek and Camp Alexis, but they did not find the buffalo herd which the grand duke had seen ten months before. Then they continued west along the Union Pacific, getting badly swindled at Sydney, Nebraska. "It would take too long," Kingsley commented, "to describe the unutterable villainy and ruffianism of that most infernal hole." They hunted bighorn sheep around Scottsbluff and went on to Cheyenne—"a funny town of the packing-case and kerosene-tin order," Kingsley wrote his wife. From Cheyenne they rode the

Dunraven's English Hotel was opened by Theodore Whyte a mile up Fish Creek in the summer of 1877 on a lake site chosen by Albert Bierstadt. It was renamed the Estes Park Hotel in '93 and it burned down in 1911. (William H. Jackson photo, State Historical Society of Colorado.)

new rails south through Denver to Pikes Peak, for a few days' hunting in South Park.

They holed up in Denver for the Christmas holidays at, Kingsley wrote, "a capital hotel—kept by one Charpool, a Swiss, having one of the best cooks and the best wine cellars in America. Lord! we hungered for its fleshpots when we were up in the mountains!" Charpool was Kingsley's name for Charpiot's, whose Hotel and Restaurant was "the Delmonico of the West." They spent a convivial evening at the Corkscrew Club, near Broadway, a hangout for prominent foreigners where women—nice women anyhow—were not permitted. And that was where they heard first of the charms of Estes Park, of Longs Peak, of Griff Evans' dude ranch, of the mysterious Mountain Jim Nugent.

One of their informants was a lively young mining man named Theodore Whyte, aged twenty-six, whose father was said to be some kind of Irish hussar and whose mother was a French-Canadian heiress. Whyte had grown up in Devonshire, had trapped three years for Hudson's Bay Company, and had come to Colorado in the late 1860's to make a fortune. His talk about Estes, up the multicolored St. Vrain Canyon and Muggins Gulch, inspired Lord Dunraven with a wild wish to see that hunter's paradise, even in the dead of winter. But Kingsley had commitments in Salt Lake City and San Francisco and didn't feel up to Estes just then. They decided to separate temporarily. On the day after Christmas, 1872, the earl took the train for Longmont with a couple of Corkscrewers for company—"a Scotch gillie" and "a friend from Sligo." During the short trip, a magnificent parhelion or "sun dog" entertained them—a lighting up of the sky by brilliant mock suns, in rainbow hues.

In Longmont, Dunraven rented mules and wagon and spent a day with his friends riding up the Muggins Gulch trail past Mount Olympus to Estes—"undulating," the

To the end, Dunraven remained tall, lean, handsome, and debonair. He had a gusto which may be described as deriving from the pride of being British. (Sir Arthur S. Cope's painting reproduced from Past Times and Pastimes, kindness of the Earl of Meath.)

earl would write, "grass-covered, dotted with trees, peaceful and quiet, with a silver thread of water curving and twining through its midst." The weather was mild. There was little snow, though the temperature was well below zero in the shade. Sap oozed from the pines in the blazing sun and the travelers heard insects buzzing. Longs Peak soared to blue heaven—serene king of its court of Continental Divide mountains, magnified by the mantles of glittering snow. It was a marvelous sight. The dude ranch at the mouth of Fish Creek was still open. Griff Evans assigned the Dunraven party to the two-room cabin near the little lake.

The earl could not tarry long, but he stayed long enough to hunt "wapiti" up Black Canyon toward the Mummy Range, up Fall River toward Middle Thompson, up the Big Thompson to Bear Lake, up Fish Creek to the Twin Sisters, down Muggins Gulch as far as Mountain Jim's. Perhaps he explored north a few miles, to the head of Devil's Gulch (near Tallant's today, named for the landscape artist) and down the gulch to the north fork of the Big Thompson and on to present Dunraven Glade and Dunraven Park under Mount Dunraven. He saw a lot of Estes, and succumbed to its blandishments. "The climate of Colorado," he would write, "is health-giving—unsurpassed, as I believe, anywhere—giving to the jaded spirit, the unstrung nerves, and weakened body, a stimulant, a tone and vigor that can only be appreciated by those who have had the good fortune to travel or reside in that region."

He saw a lot of Estes—and he talked to Griff Evans and Theodore Whyte about it. On his voyage back to Ireland he could not get what he had seen off his mind. During that winter of 1873 he began to dream of acquiring the park's ten or fifteen thousand acres all for himself with the Evans Ranch as a nucleus. Lord Dunraven was a very rich man now. He could afford to maintain a private hunting preserve in America, a safe retreat from civilization. Griff's talk had made him realize that there was no time to lose. He must find a real estate agent to start buying land soon. Evans and Mountain Jim now had Estes Park to themselves, but Dr. Hayden's surveyors were about to map the Longs Peak region, and homesteaders always flocked in after an area had been surveyed. The earl's choice for his purchasing agent was an Englishman by the name of Haig.

Mr. Haig spent the winter of 1873-1874 in Denver studying U.S. laws for distributing the public domain. He found that Dunraven, being a foreigner, could not

apply for a free 160-acre homestead in Estes or for a small preemption holding at one dollar and a quarter an acre. Even Americans were limited to one homestead and one preemption per person. But speculators everywhere were getting around the laws. In Colorado cowboys, prospectors, and such were paid by these speculators to file for homesteads after agreeing to sign the land over to the real purchaser as soon as patents were issued by the Land Office. The requirements for improvement of the land were met by laying logs on the ground in squares, representing houses.

By the time of Dunraven's return West, Haig had bought Griff Evans' squatter's rights and his Fish Creek ranch buildings, retaining Griff as caretaker. But Mountain Jim had refused to sell, and had frightened the Englishman almost out of his lemon-colored gloves just by waving his gun. Meanwhile, Haig had put Theodore Whyte to finding dummy filers in Denver. Whyte had rummaged around Larimer Street during May and early June of '74 and had induced thirteen men to apply for Estes Park homesteads and preemptions. The applications involved nearly four thousand acres of land, counting the Evans Ranch—a fair beginning for the private hunting preserve.

Whyte reported these matters to Dunraven when the earl and George Kingsley turned up at the Evans Ranch for a bit of late spring hunting. Dunraven was pleased, but soon began to have doubts about his preserve. Estes Park was very beautiful, and that was the trouble. Besides, it looked like gold country. With warm weather people from everywhere piled in by the hundreds to picnic and camp and prospect. More came to climb Longs Peak. One climber found the coat Anna E. Dickinson had left on top in '73. The newspapers wrote it up and that brought more climbers. On Sundays ministers held Low Church services in plain view of the ranch. The earl hired Theodore Whyte to fence people out and to heckle trespassers, but Whyte could not supply proof that Dunraven owned anything. When Whyte told the picnickers and campers and prospectors and Low Church ministers to get their tents off the earl's property, they wanted to know "how the dude furriner got aholt of it."

Years later Dunraven remembered that it was in mid-June that he started to think about modifying the whole hunting preserve idea. He was enjoying a nap in his cabin at Griff's when somebody knocked on his door. He woke, opened the door grumpily, and found a ragged little old man standing there with a donkey beside him. The earl recorded the conversation:

Little old man: Say is this a pretty good place to drink whiskey in?
Lord Dunraven: Yes. What place isn't?
Little old man: Well, have you any to sell?
Dunraven: Got none. Good day, sir!

Civilization! All the earl's fences couldn't keep a little old man and his donkey from disturbing his nap! And the last straw was the shooting of Mountain Jim during that same June of '74. Dunraven gave his view of what happened, half a century later when he was nearly eighty years old:

Estes Park was inhabited by a little Welshman, Evans, who made a living I don't know how, and by Mountain Jim, who trapped—an extraordinary character, civil enough when sober, but when drunk, which was as often as he could manage, violent and abusive, and given to declamation in Greek and Latin. Evans lived in quite a decent, comfortable log-house, and Jim in a shanty some fifteen miles away. Evans and Jim had a feud, as per usual about a woman—Evans' daughter.
One fine day I was setting by the fire, and Evans asleep on a sort of sofa, when some one rushed in shouting, "Get up; here's Mountain Jim in the corral. He is looking very ugly." Up jumped Evans, grabbed a shotgun, and went out. A sort of duel eventuated, which ended in Jim getting all shot up with slugs. Jim was not dead, but refused to be carried into Evans' house. We carried him down to the creek, and fixed him up as well as we could, and he made a solemn declaration, as a man who would presently be before his Maker, that he had not begun the scrap, and that it was sheer murder.
However, he did not go before his Maker, and after a while we got him back to his shanty. Dr. Kingsley went with him and reported that he could not possibly live, for he had one bullet in his skull and his brains were oozing out, and he did not know how many more slugs were embedded in various parts of his person. But it is hard to die in this wonderful air of that great altitude. Before many weeks had passed he was packed down to the settlements, where some months later he did die.

The shooting lured to Estes the morbidly curious as well as the tourists. Within a month Dunraven had made up his mind. He would set up his hunting lodge and game preserve far from this madding crowd, in the glade north and west of Devil's Gulch. Estes Park itself would be developed by a stock company as a summer resort and cattle ranch. The earl would be the major stockholder, Theodore Whyte the general manager, and Griff Evans would continue to run the ranch. Dunraven's scheme was announced in Denver papers on July 29, 1874. Thereafter Whyte went to work, modernizing

Griff's ranch buildings with clapboard, bringing in machinery for a sawmill, and enlarging the ranch herd with mouse-colored Swiss cattle to twelve hundred head. Whyte hired carpenters to begin building a gabled cottage for Dunraven's use, half a mile up Fish Creek from the ranch, and a hunting lodge in Dunraven Glade on the secluded north fork of the Big Thompson. Also he made plans for roads and trails radiating from a proposed big hotel to be built on a small lake in the vicinity of the Dunraven cottage site.

By the middle of August Dunraven had had his fill of the Estes hustle and bustle, and was ready to forget his real estate troubles and head north for some hunting out of Fort Ellis (Bozeman) in Montana Territory. And he longed to see Yellowstone Park, having heard the same kind of incredible reports which had thrilled Sir William Drummond Stewart in the 1830's. Perhaps John Palliser had told the young Dunraven things about "Geyserland," as Yellowstone Park was called in the '60's. Certainly the earl had read of the Yellowstone expedition of 1870 under Henry D. Washburn and N. P. Langford, and in Washington he may have seen Thomas Moran's celebrated painting of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone—the painting which had helped to influence Congress to create the Park in 1872.

Texas Jack Omohondro had agreed to lead the earl's party. Dunraven and Kingsley met Jack in Denver, and they bought their outfit in Salt Lake City—"a peculiar place," the earl would recall, "like a jar of mixed human pickles, saints and gentiles, elders and sinners, Mormons and Christians." They had planned to reach Fort Ellis from Rawlins, Wyoming, and the east side of the Continental Divide, using Jim Bridger's old route to Virginia City west of the Big Horns, to Yellowstone River and over Bozeman Pass. But Sioux Indians were restive in the Big Horns. So Dunraven, Kingsley, and Texas Jack, plus the earl's Scotch servant Campbell and his colored valet Maxwell, took the stage coach from the Union Pacific station at Corinne, Utah. The stage ran north to Fort Hall in Idaho and over Monida Pass into Montana—three hundred miles and more. Idaho's strange beauty lifted Dunraven's spirits, and as they neared Fort Hall, the sunrise inspired him to wax poetic:

> The dawn approaches, flinging over all the eastern sky a veil of the most delicate primrose that warms into the rich lustre of the topaz, hiding the sad eyes of the fading stars. The yellow light sweeping across the sky is followed by a lovely rosy tint which, slowly creeping over the arch of heaven, dyes the earth and firmament with its soft colouring and throws back the mountains and valleys into deepest gloom. Stronger and stronger grows the morn. Higher and warmer spreads the now crimson flood. The mountains all flush up; then blaze into sudden life. A great ball of fire clears the horizon, and strikes broad avenues of white light across the plain. The sun is up! and it is day.

They spent a night or two at the gold camp of Virginia City, which was in decline but still specializing in such interesting ladies as to cause Dunraven to exclaim, "Virginia City! Good Lord! What a name for the place!" Short of Bozeman, they stopped off at the little ghost camp of Sterling to look at a mine. They would never forget the spot because a small Irishman there, who said his name was Mahogany Bogstick, harangued the earl for hours on England's perfidy and the virtues of a milk diet. They continued to Fort Ellis, admiring the serene beauty of Montana's Madison and Gallatin and Tobacco Root Ranges, and they dined lavishly in the "clean all-alive and wide-awake town of Bozeman."

General Sweitzer put them up at Fort Ellis, and some of the soldiers instructed them with stories about how mean Indians were and how they cut up people and broiled the pieces, still wriggling. The earl discounted these stories of Indian misbehavior, having heard Buffalo Bill on the subject of government mistreatment of Indians—the story of a century of injustice, of rights withheld, of treaties broken, of promises unfulfilled. General Sweitzer said that there was a Crow Indian camp beyond Bozeman Pass, near the big bend of the Yellowstone. The camp was on the road upstream, leading to Yellowstone Park and to Fred Boteler's ranch, which Texas Jack had chosen as headquarters for the hunt.

Dunraven and Kingsley made it a point to visit the Crow camp, sending the others on ahead to Boteler's in the handsome shadow of Emigrant Peak. The Crow chiefs felt themselves honored by the two Europeans and the whole village turned out to entertain them. Dunraven admired what he saw that day and praised the way of life of the Crows later in his superb book about Yellowstone, *The Great Divide*. The average male Crow seemed to him a lot like anybody else in his desire "to appear formidable to his enemies and attractive to the women.... In short, he is the greatest coxcomb on the face of the earth, not to be surpassed even in London for inordinate vanity, stupendous egotism, and love of self."

A ceremonial was arranged, with a *coup* dance by a

young brave as the high point. Dunraven wrote in *The Great Divide*:

I cannot describe an Indian dance. The only way to convey an idea of it would be for me to put on a blanket and jump around loose, and for some one else to take shorthand notes of my appearance and antics. I tried it the other day in my English home; but the shorthand writer had a fit; my elder children howled in terror; the baby went into convulsions, and had oil poured on its head; the wife of my bosom fled shrieking from the room, and my dearest male relative threatened to apply for a writ *de lunatico*; so I abandoned the attempt.

An alarming spectacle, the *coup* dance, and accompanied by a frightful tale of savage conquest. But the earl did not find it strange at all. It reminded him of his own *coup* dancing days at Oxford:

Well, this young Crow brave postured so cleverly, and signified so plainly by his signs what he was doing, how long he was out, when he met his enemy, etc. etc.; that I could pretty well make out his meaning. . . . It was last spring, soon after the snows had melted from the hills, about the time when those infernal east winds do blow, raising clouds of dust in King's Road, Chelsea, that I and five others (Charley Smashington led the party) who had come up to town to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, drove up to Cremorne in two hansoms. We were in our war-paint, white ties encircled our necks, our feet were shod in patent leather; our hearts were good, our backs strong, our bellies full of inferior dinner and bad wine. We were all partially disguised in liquor, and our hearts and faces were Light Blue. Elated with our late triumph, we danced the valse-dance far into the night, and loudly proclaimed the great deeds of our tribe and jeered at the insignificant Dark Blue. I was standing on a chair waving a champagne bottle around my head, when without a moment's warning the war-cry of the Dark Blues rang through the air. I received the contents of a tumbler of B. and S. full in the face, and, stunned and dripping with drink, was pulled out of the conflict by my friends and my heels.

What a row there was!—bottles flying, glasses smashing, tables falling, fists smacking, yells, howls, screams, oaths and every other kind of missile hurled through the air. I espied a timid youth in spectacles crawling terror-stricken beneath a table. Yelling "I'll have those gig-lamps," I sprang upon him; with one blow I knocked his hat off; another, and the crimson flood flowed out upon his vest; I dashed the glasses from his face, I ground him in the dust, I tore the reeking necktie from his dishonored head, and with a howl of triumph fled from the scene, followed by my friends. They are here, and know that my tongue is not forked, and that I speak straight, and here is the tie.

Next morning, Dunraven and Kingsley said goodbye to their Crow hosts and rode up the lovely Yellowstone

On his first Estes Park visit in December, 1872, Dunraven (right) hunted bighorn sheep around Longs Peak with a "Scotch gillie named Sandie," whom he had met at Denver's Corkscrew Club.

DRAWINGS COURTESY LITTLE BROWN & CO

Lord Dunraven (standing) is passing his field glasses to Dr. George Kingsley somewhere in the Nebraksa sandhills north of the Platte River.

Rockies camping was no fun for Dunraven's men when it rained all through a cold September night.

At the crow village near present Livingston, Montana, Dunraven (right) and George Kingsley heard a young brave tell a "bloodthirsty" tale of "savage" warfare.

Texas Jack Omohondro was with Dunraven in Nebraska, Yellowstone Park and many other places.

Valley. As they neared Boteler's Ranch, they fell to discussing the drinking problem, and Texas Jack's habit of having a "tot or two" of whiskey before breakfast, and whether they themselves ought to drink more milk as Mahogany Bogstick had urged. It was time for a "wee droppie" anyhow. Kingsley reached in his pocket for their common whiskey flask and discovered nothing but a big hole where the flask should have been. The loss was a serious matter, of course. They turned back and came upon the flask an hour later, just as night came. And not the flask only—beside it was Kingsley's wallet stuffed with everybody's money, letters of credit, and passports Plainly, their yearning for a drink had saved them all from financial loss and much trouble. And so a resolution of penitence was in order. Dunraven drew it up:

Resolved: Never to join any temperance society except one recently started in San Francisco where it is ruled that "nothing stronger than wine, beer, or cider shall be drunk on the premises, unless any member be suffering under a sense of discouragement, in which case whiskey is allowed."

The hunting out from Boteler's Ranch with Fred Boteler as guide was only fair, though the party had adventures enough chasing elk and bear and antelope. The terrain was in those rugged foothills of the Gallatin and Absaroka Mountains which border the Yellowstone between present Livingston, Montana, and the Gardiner entrance to Yellowstone Park. There was much too much rain, but the worst trial was the journeying with pack mules. Getting the packs tied down on the mules at the start of day was misery enough. The earl described what usually happened thereafter:

At last things are all fixed. Boteler leads off on his riding horse, old Billy, for the mules know him and will follow him anywhere; and the pack animals straggle after. We take a careful look over the place lately occupied by our camp, to see that nothing is left behind, coil up our lariats, tie them behind the cantle, take our rifles, swing into the saddle, and spread out in open files, some behind, some on the flanks, to keep the cavalcade in order. All goes very nicely for awhile: the beasts are plodding along, very slowly it is true, for some will wander, while others will stop to graze; when suddenly Satan enters into the heart of the hindermost animal. A wild ambition fires his soul; he breaks into a trot, and tries to pass to the front. A tin bucket begins jangling on his back; he gets frightened at the noise, and breaks into a canter. The bucket bangs from side to side; all the small articles in the pack rattle and shake; an ax gets loose, and the handle drops and strikes against his ribs, he fancies that there must be something alive upon his back hurting and belaboring him—something that must at any

price be got rid of. A panic seizes him, and wild with fright, he breaks into a mad gallop. Yells of entreaty, volleys of oaths are hurled at him; two of us try to cut him off, and only add to his terror and make matters worse. The pack begins to slip over his tail; mad with ungovernable fear, blind with terror, he kicks, squeals, and plunges. A saucepan flies out here, a lot of meatcans there; a sack of flour bursts open and spills its precious contents over the ground; the hatchet, innocent cause of all the row, is dangling around his neck; a frying-pan is wildly banging about his quarters; until at last he bucks himself clean out of the whole affair and, trembling and sweating with fear, he stands looking on the havoc he has wrought, and wondering what on earth the noise was all about.

For a solid fortnight the wet hunters endured stiff joints, bleary eyes, and rheumatism. But the autumn weather cleared when they reached Mammoth Hot Springs, just inside Yellowstone Park, for the tourist part of their Montana journey. Captain C. Wynne, the earl's cousin, joined the party there on September 20. Soon after, Fred Boteler led the way east from Mammoth to Tower Fall, which they watched splashing down out of its Devil's Den cradle of rock. Before them was the foot of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, running south for twenty miles in a westerly curve of dark spruce and gold aspen. Mount Washburn blocked their view of the to-be-famous falls above Inspiration Point.

Boteler took them on south next day by a trail known now as the Canyon-Dunraven-Tower Fall Road. They camped at nightfall near the present Dunraven Pass Ranger Station. Just above them westward was a peak 9700 feet high—today's Mount Dunraven. The earl was thrilled by the landscape and so were the rest. It had a remarkable effect on their appetites, Dunraven's in particular:

And what a supper I did eat! It may seem strange, and it may be very shocking to think and talk about one's material comforts and gross appetites; but the recollection of antelope steak is still fresh and distinct, savouring in my nostrils and bringing moisture to my lips and overpowering all other thought. . . . If people deny that one of the greatest enjoyments of life is eating when you are famishing, then those people have never been hungry; and they had better learn to speak the truth, or live on spare diet for a week, then get into vigorous health, and so know what a good appetite really means.

Dunraven ate that antelope supper on a Tuesday evening. Seven days of heaven followed. "I never enjoyed a ride more in my life," he would remember, "and never expect to have so pleasant a one again." On Wednesday morning, they stood on Inspiration Point to gawk at the water tearing and tossing over the upper and lower falls of the Yellowstone and boiling on down the yellow and purple gorge. They rode upstream a few miles in the afternoon to watch the comical pots of bubbling mud at Mud Geyser, and camped a bit to the west on the prairie flats of Trout Creek. They rested Thursday and Friday, living on the six-inch trout which the earl caught by the score.

On Saturday they continued west on the divide, past Mary Lake and across the marshy old lake bed of Nez Perce Creek to Lower Geyser Basin and Firehole River, blue-smoking and gay with migrating ducks and Canada geese enjoying the warm spots. They took in the minor paint pots and pellucid pools of the Lower Basin and rode on south through the rich grass along the Firehole to the real show, the Upper Geyser Basin. It brought them soon to Old Faithful, belching to the skies on the hour, and Castle Geyser, which thrilled them even more. The Upper Basin was not large—only a few thousand acres of clay plain holding up some dispirited lodgepoles here and there—but it was a sort of huge soapbox where nature could rant away without fear of police action. The earl put his Irish whimsy to work when he wrote:

The whole face of the country is honeycombed and pitted with springs, ponds and mud-pots, furrowed with boiling streams, gashed with fissures, and gaping with chasms from which issue hollow rumblings, as if great stones were rolling round and round, or fierce, angry snarls and roars. The ground sounds hollow under foot. The trail winds in and out among holes that puff sulphur fumes or squirt water at you; by great caverns that reverberate hideously, and yawn to swallow you up, horse and all; crosses boiling streams which flow over beds composed of a hard crust, colored yellow, green, and red, and skirted by great cisterns of boiling, bubbling seething water. The crust feels as if it might break through at any moment and drop you into fire and flames beneath, and the animals tread gingerly upon it. . . .

The air is full of subdued, strange noises; distant grumblings as of dissatisfied ghosts, faint shreiks (sic), satirical groans, and subterranean laughter; as if the imprisoned devils, though exceedingly uncomfortable, were not beyond being amused at seeing a fresh victim approach. You fancy you can hear the rattle of the loom, the whirl of wheels, the clang and clatter of machinery; and the impression is borne upon the mind that you are in the manufacturing department of Inferno, where the skilled hands and artisans doomed to hard labor are employed. I can compare it only to one's feelings in an iron foundry, where one expects every moment to step on a piece of hot iron, to be run through the stomach by a bar of white flowing metal, to be mistaken for a pig and cast headlong into a furnace, or to be in some other way burned, scalded and damaged.

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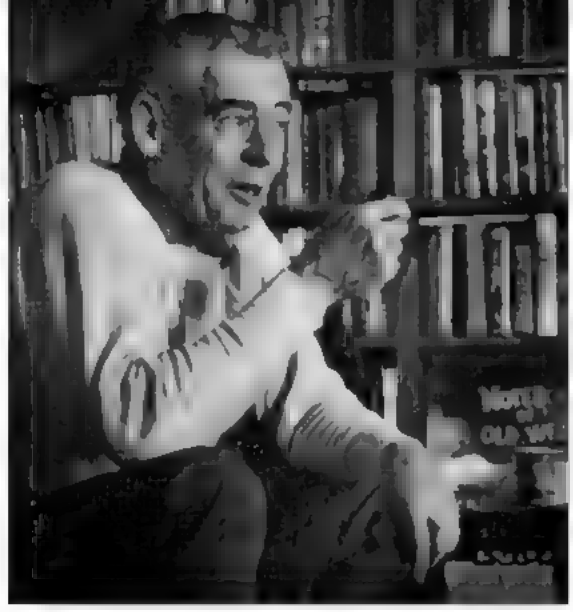

A CANDLE FOR THE SUN

BY W. H. HUTCHINSON

Seventeen years as a reviewer—not a critic, a reviewer—of Western Americana for a metropolitan newspaper may cast an aura of experience, if not respectability, around what follows. Buttressing the reviewer's needful termerity have been personal experiences not unlike those cited by Bernard DeVoto in prefacing his own *Mark Twain's America*:

> My claim to some measure of authority in these pages derives from the fact that I have lived in a frontier community and known frontiersmen, as none of the literary folk who now exhibit ideas about frontier life have done.

Not many places remain today where personal journalism can be practiced legitimately, and a book column makes one such sanctuary. Down the years, the striving for sterile anonymity in reviews has succumbed to the insidious blandishments of the personal pronoun. For one thing, it seems singularly suited to the field in which I use it. For another, it is a space-saver to gladden the composing room's heart. Too, readers seem to like it, even welcome it. And finally, it is most useful when the reviewer foresees a battle he does not care to be above. What follows is in keeping with my columnar practice, including its necessitous genuflections before the altar of crass commercialism. I hold this latter to be no more obscene than academic back-scratching in scholarly journals.

In my lexicon, Western Americana is not concerned with the contemporary West, simply because that West is too similar, too depressingly damned similar, to the rest of modern mass conformity. Further, contemporary writing about the contemporary West has an unfortunate tendency to degenerate into polemics. For these reasons alone, the contemporary West does not strengthen the Western Americana addict's psychic envelope. This may be lamentable to right-thinking moderns, but it is generally so true as to bar the contemporary West from the review space of which I am the errant proprietor.

Again according to my lexicon, Western Americana does not encompass fiction about the West, be that West old, new, or televised. For many years I did essay to appraise fiction about the West until a most venerable and distinguished house emitted *The Stars In Their Courses*. This was an outstanding entry in the thud-and-blunder sweepstakes, and for good reason. It was a most clever rewrite—prose, action, characters—of *The Iliad*. Fifteen reviewing brethren across the land recognized the author's ability to clothe Homer in the habiliments of horse opera; thirty-nine missed the jape completely. Thereafter I relinquished western fiction reviews to others.

Western Americana, as I know it, begins in time and space in the vicinity of Fort Pitt and comes down to such existing, albeit diminishing, physical and psychological frontier pockets as those wherein I obtained my youthful experiences. If this seems as discriminating as a vacuum cleaner, it must be remembered that a reviewer in California must cover a broader field than his fellows in other and narrower regions. This follows from the fact

that immigration, while yielding ground to procreation, still is a major source of California's population. No matter what precious possessions today's immigrants are forced to abandon in the modern equivalent of the dry drive between Humboldt Sink and the lifesaving Truckee River, their cultural baggage holds fast a sense of identity with the place from whence they came. A reinforcement of this sense through Western Americana may serve also as a stabilizer while they adjust to life in the state of confusion beyond Donner Pass or El Cajon. Too, the circulation area of the newspaper to which I contribute encompasses two truly major universities and numerous other sacred groves wherein the leaf-rakers are restoring study of the American West to something approaching its Turnerian respectability. This expands the audience for which I review, and enables me to include dissertative volumes whenever they meet the criteria discussed hereafter

I have been careful to qualify myself as a reviewer, though there are those I know who feel that critic and reviewer occupy adjacent seats in the same literary and academic outhouse. This self-qualification, however, does not bring absolution from the exercise of critical faculties. The first exercise of these faculties, for me, is in selecting Western Americana that can face, and face down, the competition. This is a more demanding test than the inevitable one of merit in the field. The total space allocated for all the newspaper's literary coverage comprises five, five-hundred-word columns per week, plus a Sunday section of from four to eight tabloid pages, less their nourishing advertisements. Western Americana selected for review must be able to compete on the literary editor's desk with all the varied outpourings from all the nation's publishers. That it has been able to compete successfully over the years is indicative of its audience, an audience which I hold to be growing for several reasons.

Among these is the academic exposure to the American West already mentioned. Another, perhaps more important, stems from the fact that when my steady reviewing chores began, our one indigenous literary art form, the pulp "western," was fading slowly into the last sunset beyond Old Paint's hindquarters. It is suggested here that the rise of interest in Western Americana as the "oater" sank into literary limbo is not mere coincidence. It is an interesting exercise to take the sociologists' treatises on the rise of urbanization in these United States and relate that rise to the popular success of *The Virginian*. ONLY in the West, is the implied credo, could America again see and almost recapture the older verities that a man could rise to the top by his own efforts, and that there was room enough still at the bottom so that those who stayed there, or sank there, were not automatically brutalized by the abrasions of a materialistic society. Horse opera in all its mutants did two things: it provided the first class to graduate into Western Americana, and it kept fertilizing a seedbed of interest for continuing reinforcements. With this in mind, it seems best to note that my reviews are not written for myself, nor for bookish people, nor yet for scholars. They have been, are, and will be written for the bifurcated *aficionado* of the West-That-Was, even the West-That-Never-Was, in the hope of snaring a convert or so in the process.

We do not have one American West but many of them, and they veer widely from uniformity in everything from how to put a bunch of cows through a gate to the relative importance of sectarian religiosity. There damned well has to be authorial awareness of which West he is submitting to the candle of review. Too often there is not enough to make his offering competitive for the space available.

Each of our many Wests, and many of their segments, has its own cult and sub-cults. There are cults and cultists, too, for such commonalities as cattle, cowboys, and cavalry; for Indians and *pistoleros* and shady ladies; and for seemingly metaphysical fragments of them all. It is the cultists, for whom the various "Westerner" groups stand surrogate, who provide the hard market for Western Americana. Yet no single cult or sub-cult item can compete with a bust-and-boudoir cover soliciting the reader's dalliance with, say, *I Was A Split-Level Sex Slave*. There must be a unifying thread in every work that will give it appeal to a congeries of cults, each with its own High Priest and Mysteries, as well as to the mythic convert I seek to snare.

This convert must be able to enhance his sense of identity, strengthen his psychic envelope, through Western Americana. The manifold uses of heritage are on a most personal level here, and they become most meaningful if the unifying thread is the stout one of human experience. I was taught to look for, and to use, this thread many years ago by a knowledgeable mentor, who held the terminal degree in political science and had taught on it at a reputable Eastern university before becoming an honest woman, so to speak, through editing

and agenting Western Americana. Given this unifying thread, hopefully of human experience, there is one final criterion for selection.

Penned against the Pacific at the end of our westering, ensnared in a web of social dependence upon other men and their impersonal agencies, it is hard to see our westering as D. W. Brogan saw it:

> I would be the last to forget . . . that the United States is the only country since the Middle Ages that has created a legend to set beside the story of Achilles, Robin Hood, Roland and Arthur.

Interstitial with the romance and the reality of this legend is the more subtle coupling of the West with the departure of the soul for the Fortunate Isles and, peculiar to our national experience among Western peoples, with the conquest of a desert which holds both the hazard and the tenacity of life. It is the great merit of Western Americana to bring the individual an awareness of his place in the continuity of the generations. I hold this so important that if it is not readily felt in a work competing for review space, that work is not worth reviewing.

Some who have read thus far may feel that content, and what the reader may fashion for himself out of that content, overshadows literary excellence in my quiver of criteria. This is so simply because Dobie, DeVoto, and Ross Santee are dead, and there are too few today like David Lavender, Farley Mowatt, Walter O'Meara, Wallace Stegner, and Frank Waters—in alphabetical order if you please—to make literary excellence a primary criterion for review. When the excellence for which these names are exemplars does appear, when fidelity to time and place and psychology are joined with felicitous expression, when Western Americana is not simply an exercise in intellectual analysis but has the immediacy of human experience—then what has been essentially a labor of love for seventeen years gains its reward.

These years have engendered some other conclusions. I have come to regard Eastern publishers and their editors, and Eastern critics and reviewers, the clique I long ago dubbed the "Hudson River School of Western Americana," as quite incompetent, by and large, to distinguish between quirt and *querida*. And I have come to accept the fact that they do not give one hoot in Hell that their ignorance is so visible. By my standards, the House of Knopf is beyond these strictures for published cause. I have come to an unrestrained dislike for modern academes who feel privileged to write about the American West without heeding Herman Ausubel's stricture against the late Lord Acton: "The historian who aspires to be a judge must not try his case by a code unknown to the defendant." And I have come to realize that I am talking to myself, as a man shouts down an empty well to gain the company of an echo, when I inveigh against this presentism.

I have come to bemused wonder why we have no saga-

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THE AMERICAN WEST in 1967
....An Announcement by the Publisher

In the coming year the American West Publishing Company will issue a supplementary Journal — *The American West Review*—designed to satisfy the long-standing need in the field of western history for a sound, general-circulation magazine devoted to news, commentary, and criticism of books dealing with history, literature, and life in the West. The Review will be sent to American West subscribers in March, June, September, and November — at no increase in the regular subscription rates. *The American West* will be published, as usual, in February, May, August, and November.

We are pleased to report that the Editor-in-Chief of *The American West* and its companion publication, *The American West Review*, will be the distinguished western novelist, biographer, and historian, Wallace Stegner.

WESTERN BOOKS

■ EXPLORATION AND EMPIRE: THE EXPLORER AND THE SCIENTIST IN THE WINNING OF THE AMERICAN WEST. **By William H. Goetzmann** *(New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1966. 656 pp., illus., maps., note on sources, index, $10).*

BY RICHARD A. BARTLETT

Long years ago, I had a medieval history professor who discountenanced American history, and more especially his American historian colleagues, on the grounds that since America had been discovered for less than five hundred years, it really had no history, just current events. Most Americans take issue with this view, but nevertheless have to grant that something good is added when the ripening processes of time can add perspective to a work of history. I dare not speculate on the thoughts of my medievalist concerning trans-Mississippi history, which is even more recent than most phases of the American story. But to his probable disparaging remarks, I should present as rebuttal William H. Goetzmann's magnificent study, *Exploration and Empire*.

Apparently the time gap necessary for good history is not five hundred years but only about seventy-five. In any event, that is the approximate span between the official closing of the frontier and the publication of this book, by which trans-Mississippi history assumes the maturity which it has long needed. At this chronological distance, proper perspective is already achieved, and the summation of nineteenth-century exploration is soundly evaluated. In the process, a definitive book of encyclopedic proportions, which might well be subtitled "The History of Western American Exploration in the Nineteenth Century," has been written. It is a "must" for every shelf of Western Americana, an essential book which will be used more than any other. It is indispensable.

While the book is all this, it is still more. It is a study of exploration as one form of the learning process, as a purposeful, programmed activity rather than a mere unassociated sequence of haphazard discoveries. And the programming had to stem from the older centers of culture; its purposes, to quote Professor Goetzmann, were set "by the previous experiences, the values, the kinds and categories of existing knowledge, and the current objectives of the civilized centers from which the explorer sets out on his quest." The explorations in turn had an effect upon the older culture, in terms of its views of the West and the public policies to be pursued. Every new explorer, writes the author

> . . . synthesized the new sights [he] saw in the wilderness into projections or images of what the older centers thought the West ought to be. Thus, in various periods, the West became the great empty continent, Eldorado or Cibola, a barren waste of heathen savages and Spaniards, the passage to India, an imperial frontier, a beaver kingdom, the Great American Desert, a land of flocks and herds, a pastoral paradise, an agricultural Arcadia, a military and administrative problem, a bonanza of gold and silver, a safety valve, a haven for saints, a refuge for bad men, and ultimately, toward the end of the nineteenth century, an enormous laboratory.

To achieve such a study in a single volume demands wide-angle comprehension involving space and time and the progress of civilization, and close-up analysis of specific men and events, if the study is to be meaningful at all. By its very nature, such a work must be an enormous problem in synthesis, for most of the men and events recorded here are already the recipients of studies published over the past several decades. Some restriction is achieved, perhaps, by concentrating on the vital role of the federal government as the sponsor of exploration, by narrowing the fur trapper–gold miner contribution (especially the latter) and by eliminating some (but not too many) of the myriad of romantic, twice-told tales of the old frontier.

The book is divided into three major periods: to 1845,

1845–60, and 1860–90. The first is a period of rivalry between empires, the second a period of settlement and acquisition by exploration and diplomacy, and the third, the period of the Great Surveys, "a time for more intensive scientific reconnaissances and inventories," which were to have effects well into the twentieth century.

Within this chronological framework, the story unfolds through the medium of one explorer after another, from Lewis and Clark—even their predecessors—to Ferdinand Vandiveer Hayden and John Wesley Powell. The thoroughness of Professor Goetzmann's research is astonishing. His thumbnail sketches of explorer after explorer often exceed in quality, style, depth of research, and analyses of their places in history the larger works written about them. The probable significance of the Spaniards in John Colter's trek through the Rockies; Zebulon Pike's successful espionage and his authorship of the Myth of the Great American Desert; Peter Skene Ogden, the first man to trek the transmontane West from north to south; Hall J. Kelley, founder of the Penitent Female Refuge Society and later of the Oregon Colonization Society—these men and dozens of others cross the stage with Professor Goetzmann's spotlight harshly upon them, describing them vividly and making flesh and blood personalities of them, and with incredible precision recording their achievements. When, finally, the reader has tramped the wilds with Lewis and Clark, Pike, Long, Bonneville, Walker, the Patties, Kelley, Wyeth, Frémont, Gunnison, Brewer, King, Powell, Hayden, and Wheeler, then the nature of exploration as process, and its significance to civilization in general, becomes apparent. The author has achieved his purpose.

With three portfolios of illustration, with maps of precision and clarity, with a documentation that sets new standards for thoroughness, and above all, with an objectivity that is dignified and admirable unto itself, *Exploration and Empire* is the best book on the American West of this decade. No American history? Show this one to a doubting medievalist!

(Professor of History at Florida State University, Tallahassee, Richard A. Bartlett is author of Great Surveys of the American West *[1963]*

■ A WESTERN PANORAMA 1849–1875: THE TRAVELS, WRITINGS AND INFLUENCE OF J. ROSS BROWNE ON THE PACIFIC COAST, AND IN TEXAS, NEVADA, ARIZONA AND BAJA CALIFORNIA, AS THE FIRST MINING COMMISSIONER, AND AS MINISTER TO CHINA. **By David Michael Goodman.** *Western Frontiersmen Series, XIII (Glendale, Calif., The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1966. 328 pp., portrait, maps, facsimiles, illus., app., biblio., index, $11.00).*

BY J. GOLDEN TAYLOR

Although his book has a quaint, eighteenth-century explicitness of title, Mr. Goodman has none the less produced an excellent study (by twentieth-century research standards) of one of the notable nineteenth-century frontiersmen of the American West—John Ross Browne. Western scholars, who have come to anticipate each new volume in the Western Frontiersmen Series, have in *A Western Panorama* a responsible, well-documented addition to the series. Mr. Goodman is especially to be commended for the care with which he qualifies his generalizations about what Browne thought and did. It is good also that the sources on which the study is based are arranged in two separate bibliographies. "A Chronological Bibliography of the Writings of J. Ross Browne" lists everything Browne wrote from "Leaves from a Sketchbook of a Schoolboy," published in 1839, to the latest posthumous printing, in 1961, of *Mining Adventures: California and Nevada, 1863–1865*. The other is a general bibliography, listing manuscripts in the National Archives, Library of Congress, Huntington Library, Bancroft Library, Harper and Brothers collection in the J. Pierpont Morgan Library, and many others, as well as numerous newspaper accounts of Browne's activities and some seven pages of secondary sources in books, magazines, and reports. The text itself indicates a mastery of these sources, and the explanatory notes effectively supplement the text.

The present work, issued in a limited edition, is really somewhat overdue, for although the career and writings of J. Ross Browne provide some of the most authentic revelations of major aspects of life in the West during the turbulent quarter century following the Gold Rush, his significance has not before been fully assessed. And it is interestingly ironic that in spite of the immense popularity he achieved during this period (with forty-two articles in *Harper's Monthly* alone, besides several humorous travel books, valuable government reports, and countless newspaper and magazine articles), Browne was almost forgotten at the time of his death and remained in virtual oblivion till his books and pamphlets began to be reprinted in 1941.

Mr. Goodman portrays Browne as a man of action as well as a writer; and he carefully documents the interrelationships between Browne's wanderlust, his desire to build a literary reputation, and his dedication as a public servant on the frontier of the America of his adoption. Within a few years after immigrating as a youth with his parents from Ireland, Browne began doing miscellaneous reporting for his father's newspaper, the *Louisville Public Advertiser*. He soon set about writing romantic short stories, satirical essays of social criticism, and humorous autobiographical sketches, which were published in such popular magazines as *Southern Literary Messenger* and *Graham's Magazine*. But Browne, who was "possessed with the Demon of Travel," was one of the first men in America to realize that writing was a good means of satisfying his urge to travel. He became one of the first important traveling journalists; and, if he did not invent the genre of the humorous travel book, he certainly popularized it. In *Yusef, Crusoe's Island*, and *An American Family in Germany*, the pattern for *The Innocents Abroad* was ready-made.

There are striking similarities in Browne's career and those of several of his illustrious contemporaries. He went to the American frontier just three years after Parkman and studied the reservation Indians much as Parkman had studied the primitives; but he went all the way to Oregon, stayed in the West about twenty-five years (to Parkman's six months), and saw the degradation of the Indian caused by the white man's exploitation, just as Parkman described it in his 1872 and 1892 prefaces to *The Oregon Trail*. His exploration in Baja California and several of his journeys in Texas, Arizona, California, and Oregon had much of the hardship, danger, and anxiety of Powell's exploits. Like Melville and Dana, he shipped before the mast, and his accounts of the ill treatment of sailors brought similar public reaction. Melville reviewed his book, *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, four years before he wrote *Moby Dick*. Like Irving, Cooper, Twain, Harte, Howells, and many others, he found travel essay and lecture (descriptive and sometimes humorous) were the means of gradually improving his style and technique.

J. Ross Browne was no mere indifferent reporter of other people's activities: he had a Franklin-like diversity of interest in the human enterprise, and he realized (as did Franklin) the importance of supporting his commitments to the public welfare in articulate, well-reasoned, compelling prose—both in his reports to the government and in his articles. He recorded his most serious concerns with imagination and humor; human foibles and venalities he characteristically treated with light, incisive thrusts. It is in revealing Browne's dimensions as a dedicated, ingenious, indefatigable agent of the Department of the Treasury, uncovering graft in the customs offices along the West Coast, that Goodman does his greatest service in this book. There is something poignant in seeing this immigrant heir to American democracy encountering in California's own Gilded Age a most luxuriant flowering of graft—and then without any apparent disillusionment being dismissed from his position for arguing so relentlessly for its abatement.

There is a perpetual relevance in the career of J. Ross Browne to all who would achieve a greater correlation between the American democratic ideal and its often sordid practice. Mr. Goodman reveals in his analysis of Browne's life and writings what it is like to live in a democratic society.

(Professor of English at Colorado State University, Dr. Taylor is editor of the new professional journal, *Western American Literature*, and is executive secretary of The Western Literature Association.)

■ THE JOURNALS OF ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE WITH LETTERS AND RELATED DOCUMENTS. *Edited and annotated* by **Donald Jackson.** *American Exploration and Travel Series (2 vols., Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1966. 464 pp. and 449 pp., illus., maps, field notebook facsimiles, app., biblio., index, $20).*

BY C. GREGORY CRAMPTON

The explorations of Pike—notably the western expedition of 1806–7 which carried him across the southern portion of the Louisiana Purchase and into the territory of New Spain—are second only to those of Lewis and Clark in directing American interest toward the country west of the Louisiana Purchase. As a matter of fact, by publishing in 1810 his official report of both the exploration of the headwaters of the Mississippi and of the western expedition, Pike beat Lewis and Clark into print by four years, and he tended to deflect public attention more to the Southwest and Mexico than to the Northwest and Oregon.

Indeed, Pike's capture above Santa Fe by Spanish authorities, who called him a spy, and his "tour" of northern Mexico under military guard gave him an excellent opportunity at first hand to observe the region

fabled for its rich silver bonanzas since the mid-sixteenth century. Pike's work revealed the wealth of Mexico just as the Hidalgo revolution began, and as Mexico emerged independent, she opened her doors to the world. With Pike's description of the people of Mexico and of the mines and other resources fresh in their minds, Americans in numbers began to move into New Mexico and Texas.

Notwithstanding its importance as a stimulus to the Westward Movement, Pike's book has passed through only a few major editions; the one undertaken by Elliott Coues in 1895 was the best up to that year. The work now edited by Donald Jackson is the first to appear since the Coues, and it is much the most satisfactory edition of Pike to date.

Jackson has assembled much unpublished material in the form of letters, accounts, and journals, and he has overhauled the Pike published journals so that all follows ordered chronology. The whole is illumined by the editor's scholarly annotations. Excellent reproductions of the printed maps appearing in Pike's book are included, as well as facsimiles of certain manuscript maps and of the field notebook, which were not relinquished by the Mexican government until 1910.

Jackson makes it clear that his ordered assembly of documents bears mainly on Pike's explorations and not upon his early life or upon his military career after his return from Mexico. With most of the extant material now at hand, a new review of Pike's career is in order. This compilation casts Pike in changed perspective in his suspected affiliation with Aaron Burr, his relation with General Wilkinson, his capability as a field commander, and his espionage in Mexico on behalf of the United States. This work is a significant contribution to the bibliography of the Westward Movement. The book bears the mark of good design so typical of the University of Oklahoma Press, and the volumes are ruggedly bound to withstand the heavy use they are bound to receive.

(Professor of History at the University of Utah, C. Gregory Crampton is author of Standing Up Country: The Canyon Lands of Utah and Arizona *[1964] and other books on the history of the American West.)*

■ THE COMPANY TOWN IN THE AMERICAN WEST. **By James B. Allen** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1966. 205 pp., illus., app., biblio., notes, index, $5.95).*

■ THE FRONTIER THESIS: VALID INTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN HISTORY? *Edited* **by Ray Allen Billington.** *American Problem Studies (New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966. 122 pp., further readings, $1.75 paper).*

Collected essays by friends and critics of Turner's "frontier thesis"; contains Turner's "Significance" essay rounded out by later explanations by him of the full meaning of the thesis.

■ THE GRAIN TRADE IN THE OLD NORTHWEST. **By John G. Clark** *(Urbana and London, University of Illinois Press, 1966. 324 pp., tables, biblio., index, $7.50).*

Scholarly history of the most important sector in the economy of the Old Northwest—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—1815-61, when it developed into the nation's granary. The book was the 1965 award winner of the Agricultural History Society.

■ TWENTY YEARS ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE: LETTERS OF HENRY ENO FROM CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA, 1848–1871. *Edited and with an introduction* **by W. Turrentine Jackson.** *Yale Western Americana Series, 8 (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1965. 224 pp., frontis., biblio., index, $6.00).*

Lawyer by training and prospector by inclination, Henry Eno, once the big days of the California gold rush were over, found his way into out-of-the-way places—Alpine County, White Pine, the deserts of southern California. Optimist and keen observer, Eno's letters reflect the life and the times; those from Alpine County are primary documents of first rank, as no history of that California mining region has ever been written. Professor Jackson has added a scholarly introduction and notes.

■ A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE. **By Odie B. Faulk.** ■ THE REVOLUTIONARY DECADES. **By David M. Vigness.** ■ ADVENTURE IN GLORY. **By Seymour V. Connor.** ■ TEXAS IN TURMOIL. **By Ernest Wallace.** ■ THE SEARCH FOR MATURITY. **By Billy M. Jones.** ■ TEXAS AFTER SPINDLETOP. **By Seth S. McKay and Odie B. Faulk.** *The Saga of Texas Series, 1519–1965 (6 vols., Austin, Steck-Vaughn Company, 1965. $2.95 each, $17.50 boxed set).*

This multivolume narrative history has been designed to meet the requirements of the general reader. Six competent scholars have managed to compress four and a half centuries, from Cabenza de Vaca to Lyndon B. Johnson, into six readable and entertaining volumes.

■ SONGS OF THE COWBOYS. **By N. Howard ("Jack") Thorp.** *Variants, commentary, notes and lexicon by Austin E. and Alta S. Fife. Music editor, Naunie Gardner (New York, Clarkson N. Potter, 1966. 346 pp., biblio., indexes, $7.95).*

Jack Thorp in 1908 published a small book of twenty-three cowboy and western songs—the first known collection. In a remarkably thorough work, the Fifes have devoted a chapter to each of the original twenty-three in which they provide background, history, textual variations, commercial recordings, musical score, and bibliography. The book, which is bound to become a standard reference, throws much light on the emergence of the cowboy myth.

■ GEORGE W. NORRIS: GENTLE KNIGHT OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. **By Norman L. Zucker** *(Urbana and London, University of Illinois Press, 1966. 186 pp., frontis., chron., biblio., index, $5.00).*

A scholarly study based in large part on primary sources. The author contends that Norris was a throwback to Populism, a link between the Progressives and the New Deal, and a bridge between the reform waves of farm and city.

■ LOST BONANZAS: TALES OF THE LEGENDARY LOST MINES OF THE AMERICAN WEST. **By Harry Sinclair Drago** *(New York, Dodd, Mead, 1966. 276 pp., map, biblio., index, $5.00).*

■ THE GRIZZLY BEAR: PORTRAITS FROM LIFE. *Edited and with an introduction* **by Bessie Doak Haynes** *and* **Edgar Haynes.** *Drawings by Mary Baker (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1966. 386 pp., biblio., index, $5.00).*

This is a rich anthology of man's encounter with the grizzly by explorers, mountain men, hunters, naturalists, cattlemen, folklorists, and tourists in Yellowstone. Forty-eight authors ranging in time from Meriwether Lewis to J. Frank Dobie provide the portraits.

Rushing for Land *continued*

Winchester or shotgun. Most of the weapons were for show, however, and were soon put away. Contrary to the gory stories written by newspapermen two or three days before the run and filed with a Guthrie dateline, not a single killing, gunshot wound, or fist fight took place. Disputed claims over lots frequently were settled by the flip of a coin, and those who found themselves in the middle of the street generally accepted their fate with good sportsmanship.

A total of fifteen trains arrived from the north on the first day, with a few of the passengers going on to Edmond or Oklahoma City. After the dust had settled on the twenty-second and twilight had arrived, a United States marshal mounted an improvised platform and issued a call of states. Representatives from thirty-two states, three territories, and half a dozen foreign countries responded to the roll call. From this heterogeneous mob, a committee of thirty-six men was formed to make nominations for the first city council. "It was real democracy in action," one of the surviving participants observed to this writer in a 1948 interview. "There was hardly a man in the crowd who knew more than a dozen people outside of his immediate family. Yet within twenty-four hours after we all had arrived, we had elected a city council and a mayor and adopted a city charter."

The council of five members was elected by *viva voce* vote on April 23, but selecting a mayor proved a little more difficult. The steering committee chosen the day before presented two candidates, each of whom made short speeches. They then took up positions some distance apart, and supporters were invited to form a line, four abreast, behind them. The parallel lines stretched several hundred yards across the landscape, and at a given signal the voters moved forward to be counted. When it became obvious to the losing side that its line was shorter than the other, men began to circle around to the rear and march by the counters a second or third time. Though some bad language passed back and forth, the event remained remarkably free of violence. Even so, a new method of selecting the mayor had to be found.

After considerable discussion, both candidates finally agreed to a compromise. Each would select three friends who in turn would be allowed to choose a seventh man whose commitment to either candidate was unknown. The committee of seven subsequently chose Colonel B. H. Dyer as mayor. Dyer promptly called a meeting of the city council and adopted a city charter based upon copies of various documents already in circulation.

The mayor and city council met every day for the first few weeks of Guthrie's history. Ordinances had to be passed regulating gambling, sale of liquor, poll taxes, and prostitution; judges and city marshals had to be appointed and conflicting claims settled. One of the most pressing needs was to clear the streets of squatters and

reestablish boundaries that had been obliterated during the early confusion. Until a jail could be constructed, law violators were merely fined and released. Prostitutes paid $7.50 for the first offense and $10.00 thereafter. Illegal gambling cost a flat $5.00. The main street of Guthrie, named after President Harrison, contained solid lines of tents, grocery stores, lumber yards, restaurants, and offices for doctors and lawyers. Many of the professional men were unencumbered with formal training, but the lawyers especially did a flourishing business in making out filing papers at twenty-five cents to $2.00 each.

At first there were only one or two wells supplying drinking water for the entire population of 15,000 people. Some enterprising businessmen brought in muddy river water in barrels and sold it at twenty-five cents a bucket. A long line was constantly in evidence in front of the one public toilet, while an elderly Negro erected a tent on his private lot and charged ten cents per customer. "As I look back now on the early days of Guthrie," an old-timer reminisced, "it seems that you were always waiting your turn. You waited your turn to file on the land. You waited your turn to get a bucket of water, or waited your turn in a restaurant to get something to eat. Just about anything you wanted to do, you waited your turn."

Guthrie changed its appearance every twenty-four hours, and construction went on around the clock day after day. Some men brought in complete buildings with the lumber cut, matched, and ready to be nailed together. At the end of the first week there were fifty saloons. One of these was the Blue Bell Saloon, where Tom Mix officiated as bartender for a short time. According to persistent legend, a drummer named William Wrigley, Jr., sold his first package of chewing gum in a Guthrie saloon—a story which is the figment of someone's imagination, since Wrigley never set foot in Oklahoma.

Until their church buildings were completed, the Methodists held services in a tent, while the Presbyterians held forth in the open air. The first Guthrie newspaper, the *Get-up*, was published in a tent and came out on April 29, 1889. By the middle of the next month Guthrie had a frame, two-story hotel where rooms rented for ten dollars a day, a post office, and several other "permanent" structures. Among the more prominent businesses (besides saloons) were lumber yards, restaurants, barber shops, one drug store, and three or four general merchandise establishments.

Houses no larger than a kitchen rented for $145 per month, but the smaller structures quickly gave way to two-story buildings along the principal thoroughfares. Lumber sold for $30 per thousand board feet and carpenters charged $3 a day. Thus, the cost of building a house or business dwelling was from $700 to $2,000. Within three months after its incorporation, Guthrie had set aside land for three or four city parks, built a public water works with hydrants at the intersections of all public streets, purchased several sprinkling carts to keep down the dust, chartered a streetcar line, and erected a Westinghouse electric light plant. By September the Commercial Banking Company was ready to move into its new brick building, the most imposing structure in the entire territory.

The first official census, taken one month after the run, revealed a presumably stable population of 15,000 men and 1,000 women and children. An additional 15,000 had passed through or stopped off briefly at one time or another. Though the most exciting action took place at Guthrie on April 22, the story of the settlement of Oklahoma City and other townsites on the railroad was much the same. At those few towns off the line of the railroad, the people were slower to arrive, the crowds much smaller, and the contests less spirited.

There were other Oklahoma runs besides the one of 1889, the biggest of which was the opening of the Cherokee Outlet on September 16, 1893, involving more than 100,000 people. As the Federal government acquired additional Indian lands it resorted to a more sensible distribution of city lots and homesteads, generally by public lottery or auction. The western half of Oklahoma Territory was soon organized into towns and counties, and all of the public domain, except lands reserved for county schools, was divided into 160-acre farms. Ultimately, the eastern half of Oklahoma—generally known as Indian Territory—had a larger white than Indian population. In 1907 the twin territories were united and admitted into the Union as the forty-fifth state.

Today various towns in Oklahoma commemorate the early days with annual celebrations. The largest affair by far is at Guthrie, originally the most important city and the site of the territorial capital. Oklahoma City has long since appropriated the capital and has moved on to become a metropolitan center. By 1960 its population approached 500,000, while Guthrie had less than 10,000 people and looked very much like hundreds of other prairie towns. All but a handful of the "Magic City's"

original settlers are dead, or have passed into senility. Those who survive might have trouble remembering events of the present, but most can recall every detail that happened on April 22, 1889 and doubtless a few that did not.

The Iowa land rush of the 1840's has received only a fraction of the attention which both contemporaries and modern writers have given to the opening of Oklahoma to white settlement near the end of the century. Roscoe L. Lokken's *Iowa Public Land Disposal* (Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa; 1942) contains adequate background material on the treaties with the Sac and Fox Indians which prepared the way for the homesteaders. More detailed and descriptive is the extensive article on the land rushes of 1843 and 1845 by Jacob Van der Zee: "The Opening of the Des Moines Valley," *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, XIV, No. 4 (October, 1916). Unfortunately, no photographs or drawings of these runs are available

The opening of the District in Oklahoma was well covered by professional photographers, especially the events that took place near Guthrie. The Manuscripts Division of the University of Oklahoma Library has several hundred of these early-day photographs. The A. P. Swearingen Collection of 302 glass negatives and prints on the run of 1889 from the Kansas border to the "Magic City" of Guthrie is one of the more extensive. Swearingen stayed on in Guthrie to record its development from a bald prairie to a tent city, and finally to a small modern city one year later

The N. H. Rose collection of 2360 negatives on Oklahoma and other Southwestern subjects ranges from the early days of Guthrie to Oklahoma badmen of the 1930's. The Armentrout Studio collection contains 64 photographs of Guthrie between 1889 and 1898, while the Fred L. Wenner collection includes 148 photographs on the same subject

Fred L. Wenner was a pioneer newspaperman who came to Guthrie the first day of the opening. He assembled a vast array of primary materials, in addition to photographs. These include several dozen boxes of personal notes and newspaper clippings of published stories and reminiscences, from which much material for this article was obtained. Another Guthrie pioneer whose collection on the early history of Guthrie is on deposit in the Manuscripts Division of the University of Oklahoma Library was Foress B. Lillie. Additional primary materials include the Walter Ferguson collection and microfilm copies of the minutes of the city council of Guthrie for 1889

The *Chronicles of Oklahoma* contain, literally, hundreds of articles in the form of personal memoirs of Oklahoma pioneers. Three articles that deserve special mention are: Hamilton S. Wicks: "The Opening of Oklahoma," *Cosmopolitan* (September, 1889), reprinted in *Chronicles of Oklahoma* (June, 1926); "The Magic City: Guthrie," Kansas City *Times*, reprinted in *Chronicles of Oklahoma* (Spring, 1958); and "A Letter from a U. S. Marshal in 1889," *Chronicles of Oklahoma* (Summer, 1957). In addition, O H. Richards gives a very vivid picture of the run to Guthrie and the days that followed in "Memories of an '89er," *Chronicles of Oklahoma* (Spring, 1948).

Contemporary articles published in various national periodicals are voluminous. One written just before the opening of the District appeared in *The Nation*, April 4, 1889 — "The Story of Oklahoma." It gives a brief history of the "Boomers" and a detailed account of the groups of people lined up on the edge of the future territory waiting for the opening Another article, "In and Out of Oklahoma," published in the same magazine one month later, describes the disappointment of many of those who failed to find paradise. A similar theme appears in John R. Spears's "The Boomers of the West," *Munseys Magazine* (September, 1901). Helen C. Candee describes the social conditions in the territory a few years after its settlement, with some interesting discussion on farming, money, and business: "Social Conditions in Our Newest Territory," *The Forum* (June, 1898).

Of the various government documents on the subject the most extensive is the *Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1889*, House Government Document No. 1, Volume II, part 5, 51st Congress, 1st Session, 1889. Included in the Secretary's *Report* is a discussion of the recent Oklahoma land rush It also traces the Indian claims to the land opened for white settlement and how they were extinguished, the type of government — or lack of it — provided, land offices established, town site entries, illegalities of settlement, population, and other statistics of the new territory.

Guthrie: Oklahoma's First Capital (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press; 1958) is a brief but readable history of Guthrie from its creation on April 22, 1889, until it lost the state capital to Oklahoma City in 1910. Of the many general histories on Oklahoma Territory the best by far is Roy Gittinger: *The Formation of the State of Oklahoma, 1803–1906* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press; 1939).

FROM LIFE AND SCENES AMONG THE KICKAPOO INDIANS
MANUSCRIPTS DIVISION UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

diminished, and as she fell into a walk with Pat, I had a better opportunity to keep the full length of the cutter bar in the standing hay and to look out for rocks I'd have to miss by stamping on the elevator pedal. Old Pat was an anchor, sound, steady, and undisturbed by the skittish prancing of the filly. We made two rounds of the hay patch, gradually losing ground to the grays, as I had known we would.

Midway up the long west side of the field was a particularly rough piece of ground. Each time in passing over it, the tongue of the mower had jostled so violently that I kept glancing nervously at the neckyoke, wondering how it could possibly stay on the crazily jerking tongue. And even now, as the wheels struck the worst place again and as I was feeling with my feet for the most secure positions on the pedals, it happened. The mower swerved wickedly to the left, and immediately whipped back as wickedly to the right. The tongue was down! The end of it had struck Kitty a heavy blow on her right front leg as it had slurred left and then it hit Pat savagely as it swung back. I pulled up sharply on the lines to hold the horses down. Kitty was plunging, but I had to look away from her at Pat. Something was terribly wrong with him.

The big horse was trembling like an aspen tree, his whole body, legs, back, and buttocks, shaking as if they would fall apart. Yet he was obedient to my repeated calls of Whoa! Whoa, boy! and stood steady enough to keep the frantic little Kitty from bolting. As Kitty plunged forward and back, incapable, in her fright, of standing still, Pat was forced to yield a step or two. And then I saw what almost made me keel off the mower seat. The huge animal's right hind foot was nearly severed from the leg under the fetlock. When his terrified trace-mate lunged ahead and Pat was forced to step up too, the foot, streaming with blood, hung useless from the skin in front. It must have been cut as the tongue took that vicious first swipe to the left, swinging the wild blade in toward the horses.

I felt groggy, but I quit looking at the foot and began to speak to the team in as quiet a voice as I could master. I held the lines steady and kept both feet planted on the footrests as firmly as possible, not daring to try to kick the blade out of gear for fear that on a lunge by Kitty I would lose my balance and be thrown in front of the knife myself. I dared not call to the old man for help, knowing that if I raised my voice, nothing could stop Kitty from bolting. I simply sat there, calling "Steady, steady, boy—take it easy, Kitty—steady now" in a soothing tone and waiting in agony for the farmer to make his second turn at the top of the field and come down opposite, where he could see that I was in trouble.

Even when the grays made the turn that started them down parallel on the far side of the patch and when I could see that the old man was watching me and wondering why I was not going forward with the mowing, it took forever for the grays to stop and for the driver to yell, "What's the matter?" The racket of his mower had ceased now, and I knew that old Overalls could hear me if I called. Instead, I cautiously beckoned with my extended arm, waving the farmer over to me. He must have guessed what was wrong at once, for he simply left the grays standing and came half-running through the tall hay toward my stricken outfit.

When he saw Pat standing on three legs, still shaking violently and holding up the fourth leg from which the blood was running in a thick stream down over the lopped-off foot, Overalls stopped. He froze. Then he tottered till I thought he was going to fall, muttering, "Oh no! Not my Pat, not Pat!" But he ducked his head and walked around in front of Kitty, spoke to her gently, and then took her by the bits. Now I kicked the mower out of gear, spoke to the mare myself and, patting her on the rump, gingerly stepped down behind her to unlink her traces. Then the farmer freed the strap which held her end of the neckyoke, looped the line which belonged to her bridle over the hames, and gave her a smart clap. She broke away in a lope and then fell into a fast trot for the barn, her harness jingling and rattling as she ran.

The farmer turned to me. His mouth was working and his eyes were blurred.

"You've got a gun, hain't you? Well, go and get it."

I ran through the fields in the same direction as the fleeing mare had taken. When I returned with the gun, I found that the farmer had unbuckled Pat's hames and collar and pulled the harness off. Pat was still standing by the fallen mower tongue, quivering and holding up the right hind leg. My face must have told a sad story, for Overalls said to me, "Don't feel bad, kid. I ought to have knowed better than to hook them up like that." He paused, then added, "Go ahead and shoot 'im. There's nothing else we can do." A moment later he turned to

me and said in a voice I could scarcely hear, "You go on and use my team. I'll go down to the house for a while."

I felt numb as I walked back through the swaying, blue-topped lucerne to the grays, who were tossing their heads impatiently but who had not moved a step since their master left them. As I unwound the lines from the hand lever, they struck out eagerly, glad to be moving again. But every round that they made took me past the huge bulk of old Pat, lying there in the hot sun. I tried not to look at it. No use, it was intolerable.

So I stopped the team, got a pair of pliers out of the tool box, clipped a length of baling wire from a hank under the iron seat, and wired Pat's front feet together. Then I slipped the queen bolt out from the tongue of the mower, thereby releasing the doubletrees. I picked up the trees in the middle and, hanging back on them with my left hand to keep from banging on the grays' heels drove the team around and backed them up with some difficulty to their dead workmate. They didn't like the smell of blood. But I got them in position, pushed the clevis between the feet, and inserted the bolt behind the wire. And I dragged the hulk of dead Pat off the hayfield and a good piece up through the sagebrush to a coulee, where the coyotes would do the rest. I wanted to say rest in peace, you big, honest brute. But instead I turned the grays around and went back to my mowing.

At noon I unhitched the team from the mower, jumped on the back of the near horse, and walked them down to the barn for hay and a rest. Didn't feel at all like going up to the house, but the farmer's wife must have seen me ride into the yard, must've been watching for me, for she came down to the barn.

"Come on up," she said, "'cause you'll feel better if you eat."

"I don't feel much like eating, ma'am," I answered, but I went with her. And I ate. The farmer, however, did not appear, and that made me feel uncomfortable. When evening came, I put the grays up again, grained them, got the cows in and milked them, fed the calves, and once more went in to eat—alone. The farmer's wife busied herself about the kitchen all the time I was eating, so she had a good excuse for not sitting down with me.

"How's your husband?" I asked.

"Oh, all right. He said to be sure and fix the boy a good supper."

Had he forgiven me? If he really meant it, why didn't he come out and face me? The remark only made me feel like something poisonous.

The sun went down in a dull sky, and as night came on, the atmosphere became oppressive. One might look for rain. I lay in my blankets and tarp on the mound of hay, reflecting unhappily on the ugly events of the day. I don't like what happened to Pat either, I thought, no more than old Overalls does. But who would have thought the old guy would take it so hard? After all, he took a chance that he knew about when he allowed that neckyoke to go out on the field without being bolted to the tongue. The old boy should have taken the responsibility since he was running the outfit. But I could get no comfort out of my argument.

Sleep came late. I awakened sweating in the darkness. I pushed the blanket down from my chest and lay quiet, trying to escape the toils of a nightmare which had harrowed me a moment before but details of which were already beginning to blur in my memory. I sat up to shake off the rest of the dream. Gradually the feeling crept over me that I was being stalked. Had I seen anything? Under the moonless, clouded sky it was too dark. Had I heard anything? I suddenly held my breath. Out of the tail of my eye I had caught a movement there on the bare ground not thirty yards away. No animals were free to roam in the yard at night, yet wasn't that an unfamiliar blackness I was staring at? As I gazed, it melted from my vision. But I knew the trick my eyes were playing on me. When hunting for horses in a field after dark, a man would lose them if he stared. He could locate them better if he kept his eyes a little above the horizon. Then dark spots would show in the periphery of his vision. So I lifted my eyes now, and started with fright. There was the unmistakable dark spot, and it was moving toward me. I was certain of it.

"Rabid coyotes." The farmer's words came back to me. If that was a coyote, I wasn't going to lie there unarmed. I cautiously lifted the blanket on the side of the bed near the shed and tiptoed along the wall and inside. I groped for the saddle, pulled the rifle from its boot, worked the lever quickly, throwing a shell into the chamber, and felt better. Now I stood by the corner of the shed and located the object again. It had come closer. Tentatively I brought the gun up, but when I tried to find the sights, I couldn't even see the barrel. I lowered the rifle, stepped over to the bed, and slowly sat down on the tarp. The object edged forward. I quickly threw the rifle up again, determined to press the trigger if the thing advanced once more. But the discipline of years under my father's watchful care whenever I had a gun asserted

itself now. Don't shoot. Don't even aim at anything until you are dead sure what it is.

However, I had to put an end to this uncertainty. Taking a deep breath and holding the gun at ready, I rose from the mound of hay and advanced slowly, pausing at each step. A whine came from the darkness, the thumping of a tail on the ground. A dog? Of course. Overalls' wild little black collie! Hadn't seen him for days. But what a time for the little feller to decide to make friends!

And I had almost shot him! I could feel myself trembling now. Kill the old man's wonderful, big, bay horse, and then shoot his dog in his own back yard? It was too much. I stepped backwards and sank down on the bed, sweating again all over. The little dog was thumping his tail. I sat up, patted my leg, and coaxed, "Come on, boy, come on. We've got to be friends." The dog edged up, closer and closer, on his belly. When I reached out to pat him, he ran away, but he soon came back again. We were friends.

At daybreak I brought up the cows, went to the house for the milk buckets, and milked by myself. I fed the calves and chickens. The little dog followed me everywhere, glad to have a friend. Then I washed and went in to breakfast. Overalls was not there. But his wife was fussing around the stove. I ate alone again.

"How does the mister feel this morning?"

"Oh, I guess he's all right, but you know how he feels about his horses."

That cinched it for me. "Is there anything else I can do, do you reckon?" I asked, as she started to clear away the dishes. I avoided referring to the half-cut hayfield.

"Well, my husband says you can hitch up Doll and Betsy and finish cutting the new field."

Doll and Betsy, his grays! The old boy must not feel too hard toward me or he'd never let me lay hands on them. But why can't he come out and tell me himself that it's all right, that I'm forgiven? It serves me right for not trusting my instincts and refusing to drive that absurd team of Pat and Kitty.

"No," I said, "I believe I'll be movin' on. I've got to get up to that Crow country."

Mrs. Overalls did not remonstrate. She gestured for me to wait and disappeared into the bedroom. She must have got used to gesturing, living with Overalls. When she came back she held out two bills, a ten and a five, and a bright five-dollar gold piece. I had been there ten days. I took the money, mumbled thanks, and stepped awkwardly out of the kitchen. Overalls did not appear.

A PEN AND INK DRAW NG BY WOODY GUTHRIE
(COURTESY OF THE GUTHRIE CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND NEW YORK)

Woody Guthrie *continued*

Ma Joad, ferocious, fearless, resourceful, had one debilitating flaw: she could not think in terms of the people but only of her "fambly":

The Joads rolled away to a Hooverville,
There they cooked a stew;
All the hungry little kids of that Hooverville
Said "We'd like to have some, too";
Said, "We'd like to have some, too."

Ma Joad she says, "Go get you a stick
And come and get some stew;
But mind you, children, you're a-gonna have to wait
Till my men folks gets through,
Till my men folks gets through."

Casy knew the significance of the dust and the caterpillar tractors, but he was physically weak. Tom Joad, on the other hand, was ignorant but strong; he could crush a grasshopper between his fingers, while Casy was afraid to go unshod for fear of cutting his toe. It was the case of the Peasants' Revolt again—Casy as the weak intellectual John Ball, Tom Joad as the strong lout Wat Tyler.

Since knowledge is easier to gain than strength, Tom must become the leader, as Wat did six hundred years before him. So he does, at the instant he commits his second killing—this one for his people, not for himself, as the first was.

Tom Joad, he grabbed that deputy's club,
Hit him over the head;
Tom Joad took flight in the dark rainy night
With a deputy and a preacher laying dead (two men)
A deputy and a preacher laying dead.

Tom Joad run back where his mother was asleep,
He woke her up out of bed;
And he kissed good-bye to the mother that he loved,
Said what Preacher Casy said (Tom Joad),
Said what Preacher Casy said.

"Well, all this world might be justa one big soul,
It looks thataway to me;
Wherever you look in the day or night,
That's where I'm a-gonna be, Maw,
That's where I'm a-gonna be.

Wherever little children are hungry and cryin',
Wherever people ain't free;
Wherever men are fightin' for their rights,
That's where I'm a-gonna be, Maw,
That's where I'm a-gonna be."

In this ballad Woody encountered the same problems that beset Steinbeck as a writer—for instance, the irrelevant but necessary nuisance of getting the Joads across the desert to California. Steinbeck used many pages to make the transition; Woody did it in three lines:

They buried Grandpa Joad by the side of the road,
Grandma on the California side,
They buried Grandma on the California side.

Similarly, he cut away all the nebulous Biblical allegory of the last part of *The Grapes of Wrath*—no Moses children floating dead down the flood, no symbolic breasts put into the mouths of a spiritually famished people; when his story was finished, he stopped.

Steinbeck knew Guthrie and recognized his genius:

Harsh voiced and nasal, his guitar hanging like a tire iron on a rusty rim, there is nothing sweet about Woody, and there is nothing sweet about the songs he sings. But there is something more important for those who will listen. There is the will of a people to endure and fight against oppression. I think we call this the American spirit.

Secretary Udall thought so, too: "Yours was not a passing comment on the beauties of nature, but a living, breathing, singing force in our struggle to use our land and save it, too."

Guthrie accomplished all this without much education. His father was an elemental, a nomad of the oil boom, breeding an unstable family in Okemah, Oklahoma,

. . . the singingest, dancingest, walkingest, talkingest, gamblingest, fist-fightingest, shootingest, bleedingest, gun-, club-, and razor-carryingest of the oil boom towns,

and eventually losing "a farm a day for thirty days," after which accomplishment he lost his family—his daughter Clara to a fire, his wife to the insane asylum, and Woody to the road.

When Woody drifted into New York shortly before the War, he registered for a night-school course in writing but fortunately found a wise man for his teacher, one who told him, "I can't teach you anything; I'd only spoil you. Go on out and write. Don't let anybody tell you how to do it."

He wrote—a little prose with the songs; principally a million words of autobiography, reduced to book size by a desperate publisher who somehow retained the great happiness, oppression, faith, and hope of a man for his country which, like the book's title, was *Bound for Glory*.

Woody never made much from his work. The Conservation Award was the best his government ever paid him, though its negotiability in the pawnshop would be little higher than that of an Iron Cross. His first government pay, swigged out to him for singing into a Library of Congress recorder all the songs he could remember, was "a pint of pretty cheap whiskey." His best pay was $266.66, paid to him by another wise man, Stephen B. Kahn of the Bonneville Power Administration, to idle around the Grand Coulee Dam and see whether anything would inspire him to write a song or two about the great project. The period of employment was one month, but this became the lambent zenith of his ten years as a poet.

I saw the Columbia River and the big Grand Coulee Dam from just about every cliff, mountain, tree, post, and every other angle from which it can be seen. I made up twenty-six songs about the Co-

lumbia and about the dam and about the men, and these songs were recorded by the Department of Interior, Bonneville Power Administration, Portland, Oregon. The records were played at all sorts and sizes of meetings where the people bought bonds to bring the power lines over the fields and hills to their own little places.

But there were reactionary congressmen in back of the people that owned those little private dams and power houses out there, that didn't want to see the Grand Coulee built, because it would make electricity dirt cheap and cut down on their profits. . . . Movie stars flew up in big airplanes and told the folks how nice it was not to have no electricity, and not to have no Coulee Dam at all. But we made speeches on our side, and we played the records over the loud speakers there in those little towns, and the people shelled out the money and bought the bonds and brought the electricity over the hill. . . . That's how things get done. Just people doing it. People can get more done that way than anybody else I ever seen, and I'm a man that's seen a lot of them.

The Interior Department singled out for special mention Woody's triumphant paeans to the Bonneville project, one of the most compelling of which is a tribute both to the river Columbia and to the men who dreamed of harnessing it:

In the misty crystal glitter of that wild
and windy spray
Men have fought the pounding waters
And met a watery grave.
Well, she tore their boats to splinters
But she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam
Would cross that wild and wasted stream.

It would be like asking a professor of English literature for his favorite sonnet to ask the few who know Guthrie well which of the twenty-six Bonneville songs is the best. I suppose I am most regularly moved by "Pastures of Plenty," perhaps as much by his haunting melody and his singing as by the lyrics:

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands has hoed
And my poor feet has traveled a hot dusty road
Out of your dustbowl and westward we rolled,
Lord, your desert is hot and your mountains are cold.
I work in your orchards of peaches and prunes,
And I sleep on the ground 'neath the light of
your moon;
On the edge of your city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

California, Arizona, I make all your crops,
Then it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops;
Dig beets from your ground, cut the grapes
from your vines
To set on your table your light sparking wine.

Green Pastures of Plenty from dry desert ground,
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run
down;
Every state in this union us migrants has been
We'll work in your fight and we'll fight till we win.

It's always we ramble, that river and I,
All along your green valley I'll work till I die;
My land I'll defend with my life if it be,
'Cause my Pastures of Plenty must always be free.

If he could know about it, Woody would be less pleased by the Conservation Award than by the knowledge that his Bonneville songs have risen quietly to the position of standard patriotic songs in the Pacific Northwest, especially popular with children. Woody always loved children. His series, "Songs to Grow On" (best sung by his protege, Jack Elliott), takes a full advantage of the average child's delight in blunt expression:

Well, I dropped my candy, pick it up, pick it up;
I dropped my candy, pick it up, pick it up;
I dropped my candy, pick it up, pick it up;
And throw it away in the garbage.

Woody knew children as well as he loved them, and the children come back to him. A few years ago I had a letter from Leslie Fish, a young student at the University of Michigan, saying that as a child in Brooklyn she remembered taking ballet lessons from a Marjorie Mazia; one day a thin, wiry little man with black curly hair drifted in and began singing for them. She had heard I knew something about Woody Guthrie. Could he have been that man, she asked me. He was, of course; we corresponded, she visited me and went back to seek out Guthrie in the Brooklyn State Hospital. The newspapers now say that Woody is daily visited by his relatives and friends, that he is inundated by mail and gifts. But at that time she saw no visitors; the attendant said a young

guitar player had visited him some months ago, and his wife was there the week before; there was no mail, few cigarettes. She found Woody emaciated and the power over his muscles nearly gone, though he could hold down his left hand with his right most of the time. (When he couldn't, his fist struck him in the face.) He could answer "yes" or "no" to questions, an ability that has since left him. Leslie composed (as others have done) a song for Woody. None I have heard is as good as hers, for it is Woody's song, lyrics deceptively simple, the beauty lying in the interaction between melody, singer, and song. She sang it to him with his own songs on her subsequent visits:

Hey, there, Woody, are you ramblin' again?
Hey, there, Woody, are you ramblin' again?
If there's a place that you haven't been,
Well, I'd like to go there and see.

Hey, there, Woody, would you sing "Reuben James"?
Hey, there, Woody, would you sing "Reuben James"?
If there's a man ain't heard of your name,
Well, I'd like to go there and see.

Hey, there, Woody, give me your hand;
Hey, there, Woody, won't you give me your hand?
You're all of this country wrapped up in one man,
And I'm glad I've come here to see.

Others have been influenced by him, some shamefully. Bobby Dylan, the idol of the unlaved student Existentialists, never knew Guthrie when his mind was whole but imitated the incoherent, rambling, pseudo-mystical lines of Guthrie's last letters on the edge of his insanity. Somehow Dylan has convinced a few avant garde critics that on the basis of these synthetic effusions he is America's most promising young poet.

It is time to speak of the disease that puts Guthrie in the past tense even in the Award's citation: Huntington's Chorea, rigorously hereditary, quite incurable, and worse than death. When Secretary Udall made public his selection as the winner of the Conservation Award, Woody Guthrie was even farther from the event than I; he was far down a path of no-return through the convolutions of a dying brain. In his *Bound for Glory* Woody described in almost clinical accuracy the disease he inherited but whose name he did not know—in his mother, flopping around the floor like a dying fish, arms windmilling, face hideous, voice snarling bestially.

I hate a hundred times more to describe my own mother in any such words as these. You hate to read about a mother described in any such words as these. I know. I understand you. I hope you can understand me, for it must be broke down and said.

The last letter he wrote to me was an assurance that I would not catch the ailment if I visited him:

I can't feel no pains of no kind and it's not contagious which is about all I know about it worth telling you.

There was more to Huntington's Chorea worth the telling, but happily Woody knew nothing of it. In a tragic way it proves the antiquity of the Guthries in America, for the disease came to these shores in the Puritan ships John Winthrop led to New England in 1630. Among the immigrants were two brothers from an in-marrying village in Suffolk, indentured slaves to Sir Richard Saltonstall, whose name is also old in America. They came immediately to the attention of the authorities, and since their crimes and associated behavior were theological, they were described well enough for us to know now that they were choreics, though the diagnosis in those devil-beset times was demonic possession. Both men were repeatedly arrested for social and political protest; their wives and daughters were all ultimately condemned as witches, one (Mercy Disbrough) in the Salem witchcraft mania of 1692.

The witches were hanged, but the disease escaped and perpetuates itself in an erratic but statistically predictable path, directed not only by Mendelian laws but by social ones also—it is found usually in lower-class families (because, we must presume, a twitching spouse on that level would be less ineligible than in higher society). These are the people who do not get into hospitals until a disease has become incapacitating, so we know precious little about the pre-motor effects of Huntington's Chorea, and nothing at all about poetic geniuses blighted by it, either ingloriously mute or gloriously sonant. When the identifiable cultural elements in Woody Guthrie's song have been identified—where and from whom he learned his instrumental and singing style; the bodies of traditional song that inspired him and from which he continually drew ideas and melodies; his experiences as a bum, tramp, and hobo, as a seaman, sign painter, merchant mariner, bus boy, and spittoon cleaner; the people he met, singers and listeners—when all of these things have been considered, there is still a

hard nucleus of uniqueness in his compositions whose origin must of necessity be in his organism. Some of this uniqueness is paralleled in all human beings as their individuality, the product of the normal twinings of strands of DNA in their chromosomes; but some is not quite unique and therefore is patterned in an identifiable way. Years before Guthrie's ailment was manifest or recognized as part of his familial heritage, I wrote of the then inexplicable strangeness of his work:

> In the matter of language and imagery Guthrie's style, when not obviously adapted from an existing song or lifted consciously from the great body of folk idiom, is unique; I have not been able to detect any influences such as are to be found in his guitar playing. He is a logophile, but his hypnosis with words does not manifest itself, as it does with others who have this affliction, in polysyllables. Guthrie rarely strays from the Anglo-Saxon word hoard, but the curious associations which he finds between simple terms lead him into fantastic flights of imagery. Metrical restrictions fetter these flights in his songs, but in his prose they are completely unrestrained.

Suddenly in his last letters to me a suggestion leapt out. I saw in several disarticulate, incomprehensible paragraphs like

TA MISSY RINA LYN LYNNER TIN TINNER MISSY QUEENER MACKBEANER & MISSY BEANOE & MISSY PEAAANUTTY ANDE MISSY
BINGYOE BANGYOE MCFANGIOE BEANYHEADER
BEANYPOLER WHEENYOE SKEENYOE WHANGOE
BANGOE BIINGOE

the pathological degeneration of a tendency to word-play that made some of his earlier songs, especially the "Songs to Grow On," so delightful to hear:

Howdja doosle doodle doochie
Howdja howdja heedjee hodjee
Howdja dodja heedjee hodjee
Howdja do, howdja do?
Howja hodjie heedjee hodjee
Howdja do!

And I suggested, with the timidity and temerity of the folk physician, that the pre-motor effects of Huntington's Chorea might be similar to those of a similar malady, Pick's Disease; further that, aside from the word distortions, the paranoia which accompanies Huntington's Chorea (often directed against the choreic's family and his civil authorities, from the Puritan troublemaker Wilkie to Guthrie himself) might be the driving force behind Woody's protests—in short, that his subliminary conscious guilts were intensified if not activated by the latent disease. My suggestion got no complaint from medical men but a deal of it from the Communists, who were then embarked on their project to make Guthrie this generation's unwashed hero. I am not deterred in still holding this belief—despite the Communists' closer acquaintance with rabid insanity—that the flames of Guthrie's discontent were fanned not by imperialist and revisionary exploitation but by his genes.

Guthrie no longer writes or reads or sings or speaks. His guitar was hung upon the wall of a Southern shack just a dozen years ago—"silent," as I once described it, "except for the sounds of a family of mud wasps that had built an adobe home in the soundbox, brushing their brittle wings against the rusting strings as they flew in and out."

He once had the blue sky as his ceiling—

As I went walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway;
I saw below me that golden valley—
This land was made for you and me.

—now he is encapsulated in a hospital ward. He once sang against every social injustice he had a sight or a sound of; now his protest has been reduced to ripping the tithing tips from charity cigarettes. Once he had the soft words of women caressing him; now all he hears is the plaint of some other terminal patient waiting his own private departure from the world. Once he poured from his throat words that a Nobel Prize winner envied and his country honored him for; now he fights with weakening chest muscles the phlegm that will one day choke him to death. It would be better for a man who so loved the big sky and the big country, the unspoiled land, the

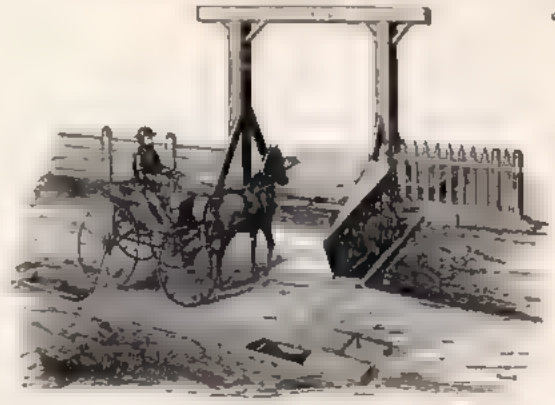
cowhands whooping and the lone wolf barking,

to be able to scoop out his grave in the sand, to have a friend cut his hair for the meeting with death, and then to pass away in dignity deep in the land he enriched by his songs.

Farm Notes And Ideas

Lest it be assumed that the twentieth century has a monopoly on such pranks as the magic-pop-up-garage-door, we offer the following sophisticated designs for the automatic farm gate, as brought to our grandfathers in the pages of the *Pacific Rural Press* during the 1870's. This news-sheet, designed to tickle the fancy of the more affluent western farmer, was quick to pick up on any and all gadgets which smacked of automation. And beyond doubt, one of the farmer's most irritating rituals must have been the sequence of entering or leaving his own enclosure by wagon. He had to halt the team, walk to the gate, swing it open, walk back to the wagon, climb back in, untie the reins, release the brake, "giddyup"— and once through, repeat roughly the same process again.

So small wonder that the *Pacific Rural Press* might reflect: "Farmers are apt to be negligent, and we notice bars in many places where a good gate would be a real saving to the owner in time and money, as well as comfort, by the adoption of a device which opens for the passage of person and team without as much as even repeating the magical saying, 'Open Sesame!' "



HIGGINS' SELF-OPENING AND CLOSING FARM GATE

"This invention, which we originally illustrate, is arranged so as to open and shut at pleasure, by the passage of the wheel of the vehicle over a crank in the road. These cranks are arranged so that running over them, on either side, in the direction of the gate, opens it, and by going from it the gate is closed. A system of gears, rods, chains, and pulleys connect the cranks with a toothed wheel operating in a rack under the base of the gate, as partially shown, which moves it open or shut, according to the direction the cranks are operated."

SELF-OPENING AND SELF-CLOSING GATE

"The accompanying cut represents Dickinson's Self-Opening and Self-Closing Gate. It is constructed so that when the vehicle approaches it, the wheels on one side pass over the lever, A, which is connected to the gate-tongue, D, by a rod, C, F, which opens the gate and fastens it open. After passing through, the carriage passes over a similar lever, also connected with the gate hinge, D, causing the gate in its rotation to shut."

BARTHEL'S IMPROVED FARM GATE

"It will be seen there is no intricate mechanism in connection with this device, and that in fact there is no machinery whatever, since the whole contrivance is so poised as to be easily raised or lowered by simply pulling a rope. When a neat and convenient gate like this can be easily procured, it is a pity to see so many tumble-down ones as we do in traveling through the country."

in his office. "Quoth our Boston dame to me, 'The house is the proper place for the agent to receive a lady.' "

The cautious Tibbles finally persuaded her to meet the agent on his own ground, and was further relieved when Miss Fletcher opened the conversation with an innocuous comment concerning the weather.

The agent, who made it obvious that he considered their presence on the reservation intrusive, replied coolly: "I regulate everything here but the weather."

Miss Fletcher chose to take this remark as a lighthearted witticism because she had an ace up her sleeve. She presented her impressive official credentials and the agent wilted, as she must have known he would.

For her own part, Alice Fletcher was impressed by Tibbles, Bright Eyes La Flesche, and Wajapa, and she was grateful to them for her successful initiation into the rigors of field work. Because they appeared knowledgeable, were conversant in the several Indian languages encountered on their first journey, and could communicate easily with her, it apparently never occurred to her that the two Indians were atypical or that Tibbles' philosophy of Indian administration derived less from his familiarity with Indian life than from the white, Christian values which he shared with her. Nor was her view noticeably altered by the fact that the Rosebud Sioux did not share the affection for white ways exhibited by Wajapa and Bright Eyes. If any of the Omaha held the attitudes of the Sioux, she evidently reasoned, they would merely be the untutored folk who needed only the enlightenment that leadership of Indians such as the La Flesches, a prominent mixed-blood family, could give them.

Even educated Indians, who remained valuable, bilingual informants, could not see beyond the solutions ready-made for them by kind-hearted whites. Francis La Flesche, brother of Bright Eyes, collaborated with Miss Fletcher in writing the famous monograph, "The Omaha Tribe," and worked closely with her throughout her studies as her protegé and virtually her adopted son. In time the excellence of his work resulted in his transfer from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, to the Bureau of American Ethnology, where he continued to make original contributions to the ethnographic literature on the Siouan-speaking Plains tribes. La Flesche describes what happened when Alice Fletcher settled down to work among the Omaha after her tour of the reservations in Nebraska and South Dakota:

> She visited the Indians in their homes and began to make friends with them. At first, they were not disposed to talk, but after a time it occurred to one to ask: "Why are you here?" She replied: "I came to learn, if you will let me, something about your tribal organization, social customs, tribal rites, traditions and songs. Also to see if I can help you in any way."
>
> At the suggestion of help, the faces of the Indians brightened with hope. The Indian continued: "You have come at a time when we are in distress. We have learned that the 'land paper' given us by the Great Father does not make us secure in our homes; that we could be ousted and driven to the Indian Territory as the Poncas were. We want a 'strong paper.' We are told that we can get one through an Act of Congress. Can you help us?"

It is not surprising that the idea of an act of Congress should have occurred to the Omaha. Treaties or "land paper" had certainly been unilaterally broken by the United States in the past, but they were usually replaced by new treaties with some compensations. While it was always clear who held the greater power in the relationship, this process at least had given the Indian tribes the opportunity to bargain over details. But in 1871 Congress had unilaterally abolished the entire procedure of making treaties with Indian tribes and thereby controlled the fate of a tribe's land. Treaties already in force were respected only at the convenience of Congress. Since reservations after 1871 were created by Acts of Congress and even by executive orders, what the Omaha were seeking was simply a guarantee for their tribal homeland under these new legislative conditions.

However, Miss Fletcher and many educated Indians, as well as anthropologists and other workers for Indian rights before and since their time, simply misunderstood and underestimated the legal acumen and the fundamental political philosophy of what might be termed "grass-roots Indians." It is the point on which misunderstanding between Indian groups and well-meaning whites hinges to this day. Indian people have consistently thought of success in terms of the community's success; white people usually think of success in terms of the individual's opportunity for upward mobility within the general society.

Instead of espousing the general guarantee to their land sought by the Omaha, Alice Fletcher set about drafting a proposed act of Congress based on her perspective as a philanthropist and as a scientist imbued with the theoretical formulations of the evolutionism of her day. She reasoned that the Omaha would inevitably have to conform to the grand stage of civilization characterized by the nineteenth-century American culture of

the white man; that the Omaha were obstructed in this "natural" course of evolution by the reservation system, which preserved the tribal tie in terms of communally held land; and that granting each Omaha private property, the accepted hallmark of civilization, would assure firm control over land as enjoyed by other Americans and at the same time turn the steps of the Omaha automatically in the direction of all the things that civilization promised.

She satisfied herself that the best thing for Indians would be to give them small plots of land that they could farm. This was the view of enlightened and sincere white friends of the Indians, and it could be justified scientifically insofar as she understood the then current anthropological theory. Moreover, she truly believed that this was also what the Indians themselves had come to recognize as their only hope. She had spoken to each family head to gather proof of the Omahas' industrious devotion to their land. Francis La Flesche reported that: "Each one uttered the oft-repeated cry: 'I want a "strong paper" which will make my home secure.' " In retrospect, we know that the word "home" evoked two quite different pictures. Fletcher saw in it prosperous family farms with neat houses, barns, livestock, and plowed fields. The Omaha, on the other hand, saw in it the last remnant of their once extensive tribal lands firmly secured to the community for all time.

Alice Fletcher worked out the details of the legal instrument whereby every adult Omaha would be alloted eighty acres, to remain tax-free and held in trust by the government for a period of twenty-five years, after which time adult, competent Indians would be granted fee-patents and control over their holdings. Lands left over after distribution of allotments were to be sold for the benefit of the tribe to finance development of the individual farms. The twenty-five-year wait before the granting of full ownership was presumably designed to provide the Indian with continued governmental protection until civilization had fully replaced the pattern of his previous existence.

Through the efforts of Miss Fletcher's influential friends in Washington the act was pushed quickly through legislative procedure and passed on August 7, 1882. Miss Fletcher herself was appointed a special agent to oversee the surveying and allotment of plots. In subsequent years she performed similar work among the Winnebago and Nez Perce, who, along with many other tribes, received allotments under the Dawes Severalty Act of 1887, largely patterned after her own Omaha Act.

The effects of the allotment system on the Omaha were in general paralleled on all reservations throughout the country where the system was used. First, several years of unprecedented prosperity were provided by the remaining natural resources, women's gardening, and half-hearted farming with livestock, machinery, and seed supplied by the sale of unalloted land. New homes and furnishings were also derived from land sales, and any monies received from old treaty annuities or farm income were used for the luxuries of travel, staying in hotels, eating at restaurants, and buying expensive clothes. Among the Omaha Fletcher had actually pointed to these amenities of "civilization" as part of the high promise of allotment which Indians could hope to enjoy. And, as consumers, the Indians had indeed learned to play "white man."

In time, however, remaining natural resources as well as money began to be exhausted, but systematic farming on a high subsistence scale had never been developed. Homes began to deteriorate, machinery broke down, any livestock not already eaten was sold to maintain the wonderful new standard of living as long as possible, and the incredibly complicated problems of heirship began to set in.

Allotments were divided into ever smaller and more scattered plots among heirs, who began to increase markedly with each generation after 1900. This was an eventuality which Fletcher could hardly have been expected to anticipate. Her reasoning behind the sale of unalloted land had rested on the assumption that the downward trend of Indian population would continue. Thus, it was perfectly logical to recommend sale of land which remained after allotments were made. Furthermore, had the assumption been valid, it would not really have mattered if it required several generations for Indian people to become competent enough to husband their capital rather than treat their wealth in the profligate manner that hunting peoples traditionally and reasonably treat rare windfalls of game. With a decreasing population each surviving individual's holdings would increase automatically; the group itself would become too small to maintain any semblance of tribal life or social organization which might perpetrate the old value system; and remaining Indian people would gradually be absorbed by intermarriage into the general population as their way of life became increasingly indistinguishable from that of the surrounding whites.

However, as early as 1891—less than ten years after the passing of the Omaha Act, only four years after the Dawes Act, and before the demographic change had become apparent—Indian disdain for the responsibilities of farming promoted the administrative expedient of leasing Indian land to white farmers. As heirs increased, leasing became the only way that Indians could realize any profit from their capital of land. Money, at least, could be fairly divided among the many heirs who shared interests in given allotments. Land holding developed a haphazard pattern which represented the vagaries of inheritance from parents, grandparents, and more remote relatives in accordance with American laws. A single individual might own eighty acres or more in tiny plots of two or three acres scattered all over the original reservation area. The occasional land-burdened individual, descendent of several generations of only children, could also obtain a return on his capital by leasing acreage which exceeded his ability or inclinations to cultivate.

Unwieldy bookkeeping, delays and squabbles about lease payments that arose from the difficulties of assembling the names of all the heirs and the often ridiculously small sum of lease money received by each heir, all combined to create a clamor among the Indians themselves, people in the Indian Bureau, and local whites for Indians to sell the land. The Omaha happened to have been allotted some of the richest farm land in Nebraska, but on all allotted reservations there were usually whites eager to buy Indian land.

Protective measures had been designed to provide a generation's time for Indian people to become competent in managing their own affairs. But when these measures expired many Indians still could not pay their taxes or even understand that the land was now taxed and that they thus stood in danger of losing it. In some places tax-relief provisions were extended by special legislation; as a further safeguard patents-in-fee, which gave the owner the right of sale, were to be issued only to individual Indians of demonstrated competence. However, the concept of "competency" was often ignored or abused.

A familiar and recurrent procedure developed. Whites got Indians into their debt and then pressured—sometimes bribed—the reservation agents into declaring such Indians competent so that their land could be sold to satisfy the debt. Between the time fee-patents were first issued, about 1905, and the appointment of John Collier as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1933, two-thirds of allotted Indian lands had passed into white ownership. And so it came to pass that Fletcher's "strong paper" of individual allotments was far weaker than the old tribal treaty relating to undivided lands.

In 1910, after an absence of many years, during which time she had engaged in research among other tribes, Alice Fletcher returned to the Omaha for a brief visit. Although her judgment of the Omaha's progress was doubtless colored by her personal involvement in the Act of 1882, she was fairly objective in her assessment. Nevertheless, the true portent of what was happening escaped her. "The act has not been altogether evil nor has it been wholly good for the people," she said. The Omaha were certainly far better off materially and more cheerful than when she first knew them, and it is small wonder that she viewed their future with optimism. She saw in the tendency to lease rather than work the land not an indication of a major trend, as we now see that it was, but simply an unfortunate phase of adjustment to land ownership. Where Miss Fletcher assessed a few well run farms as models for the general welfare, they were to prove short-lived exceptions. Finally, those items which she noted as "quaint survivals of old customs under a new guise" were really illustrative of adaptations and cultural persistence that have characterized Omaha life to the present day.

In 1930, Margaret Mead spent a summer with the Omaha. In keeping with her desire to conceal the identity of the group, Dr. Mead did not mention Alice Fletcher by name but paid a respectful tribute by stating that she had chosen to work with the "Antlers" (her pseudonym for the Omaha) because the traditional life and history of white contact had been so completely recorded with this group that she would be able to devote her attentions entirely to modern conditions. Dr. Mead did not identify the anonymous scholar who provided so much of the excellent ethnographic data on the Omaha as also being the "well intentioned lady of missionary leanings" whose benevolent efforts had resulted in the social and economic chaos she observed.

Given "the psychology of American frontier days," Dr. Mead believed that individual ownership of land was probably the only solution philanthropic whites could see for the Indians' economic problems attendant upon the loss of the buffalo. It may be fairly argued that the psychology of the frontier itself was never notably altruistic in regard to Indians and that the suggested solu-

tion derived instead from the views of educated urbanites in the eastern United States who could well afford the luxury of philanthropic attitudes and endeavors. However, Dr. Mead's further coments cannot be argued:

> But the arrangements were none the less short-sighted and quite inadequate. . . . (The government) was giving this land to a people who had never owned land, who had no item of customary law or usage to govern their disposal of it. The Antlers had no sentiments for land beyond the vivid affection they felt for a familiar landscape and for the resting place of their dead. They witnessed with terror the eviction of the "Short Robes" (Poncas), their unhappy banishment to more barren lands and the pitiful return pilgrimage which a few of them attempted. But this was not the terror of the landowner, the man who had, for generations, regarded his own and his children's welfare as inalienably connected with certain plots of arable land; it was rather the fear of exile, of an unknown existence in an unfamiliar land.

It is possible that if Alice Fletcher had first studied the Omaha thoroughly—as she later did—instead of plunging immediately into the matter of land, she would have sought some other solution to the Indians' economic problems than the one she brought with her into the field. She certainly recognized the "tribal tie" as an obstacle to progress as she defined it and reasoned logically that the tribal organization could be attacked effectively by breaking down communal ownership and occupation of land. However, she underestimated the strength of that tie and could not see that it bound people together in reciprocal obligations of kinship, friendship, and primary social identification as a group.

The Omaha reservation, even before allotment, had been but a fraction of the original holdings of the Omaha tribe. When Miss Fletcher first met them they had already begun adjusting and were persisting as a group in the face of the tremendous economic and ecological change in their fortunes. Had she reviewed the situation exhaustively before taking action, she might have discerned that devastating side-effects would accompany her plan. Although she could not have foreseen the population increase, time might have shown her that the pattern of diversified subsistence farming which she tried to impose on Indians was already becoming increasingly impractical, particularly in the prairie states, even for whites with an old farming tradition. Indians themselves had soon figured out logically enough that they stood to gain more as seasonal wage-workers in agriculture and other industries, at the same time leasing their land to white operators engaged in large-scale, single-crop enterprises, than they could earn by diversified, family farming. Furthermore, the returns of wage-work and leasing were more certain and required less of their time than subsistence farming.

There was no lack of other models Fletcher might have followed. The Navaho by 1881 had already established themselves successfully as sheep raisers, grazing their animals over a vast, unbroken tract of tribal land. The buffalo range itself had given way to huge herds of beef cattle, and in a short time it was apparent that if Indians were given the choice, it was a far easier and more satisfactory transition from the life of an Indian hunter to that of a cowboy than to that of a settled farmer. But Fletcher's experience illustrates what modern applied anthropologists have had ruefully to relearn: in order to promote successful innovations, one must have a reasonable grasp of technical realities and alternatives as well as ethnographic insights and benevolent motives.

Miss Fletcher's outlook became progressively more relativistic, at least in matters other than the economic side of cultural evolutionary theory in which she had such an important personal stake. Even during her first visit among Indian groups, she aroused Tibbles' strong disapproval with her interest in Indian dancing and singing and her desire simply to observe and record old ceremonies. To him, such matters were part and parcel of the "savagery" from which he sought to raise the Indian. Miss Fletcher, nevertheless, was sincerely impressed by the sophistication of Indian aesthetic achievements and the contrast they offered to the Indians' material culture. While she never doubted that the white man's house was superior to the skin tipi or earth lodge, she felt that Indian music deserved to be respected and perpetuated as uniquely valuable:

> I was perhaps as free from race prejudice as most students, but at the outset I was not prepared to admit what I was afterwards forced to acknowledge,—that my eyes and ears were unconscious slaves of my previous training,—race training, if you will. . . .
>
> It is not many years since the notion prevailed that the speech of savages was a mere jargon with an exceedingly limited vocabulary . . . but we now know . . . there can no more be a jargon in music than in speech.
>
> The Indian is not a primitive man, nor properly a savage, but he is untutored; and yet we hear him voicing his aspirations and his loves in accordance with the same laws that are intelligently and consciously obeyed by a Wagner. . . .

If we are inclined to judge Miss Fletcher harshly because of allotment, it should be noted that the above statements were written in 1893, and clearly reflect the fact that she was already moving beyond the kind of

ethnocentric evolutionism which even today—at least on the popular level—too often interprets *all* of Euro-American culture as automatically superior to, rather than simply different in content from, other cultures. It was really only after the mistakes of forced acculturation were apparent that anthropologists as a group could analyze objectively the points on which the mistakes had turned. John Wesley Powell, first director of the Bureau of Ethnology (now Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution), actually used the term "acculturation" in his introductory statement to the first *Annual Report* (1879) of the Bureau. But many years were to pass before this phenomenon was understood and recognized as being useful unto itself in analyzing the processes of selective adaptation whereby a culture both changes and persists. To the early investigators it was inevitable—if unfortunate—that Indian culture would disappear and Indians themselves would become assimilated beyond all recognition into the general society of the country.

If, unlike Alice Fletcher, such investigators refrained from meddling in the course of destiny, it was because they saw their first obligation to science rather than humanity. The massive acquisition of material objects early in the contact between Indians and whites led to the assumption that a technologically stronger culture would totally replace a simpler one in all details, rather than selectively enrich the simpler culture on the recipients' own terms. Many anthropologists of the era thus used field techniques that can only be described as ruthless. The drive was to get information before it was irretrievably lost, and if it could not be obtained by patient good nature, then cajolery, trickery, and even pressure were justified. This sense of urgency motivated some early field workers to gather data by almost any means which would not actually distort the information or cause the ethnographer to be ousted from the community. In truth, some material would otherwise have been lost through time, but ironically it has been the closely guarded, sacred data which ethnographers were most zealous to snatch from oblivion that has often shown the greatest persistence. And among some Indian tribes today, fifty and more years since they were first visited by ethnologists, the student who seeks the most mundane information about present day life still encounters deep suspicions about his real motives.

Alice Fletcher, for all her misguided benevolence, must at least be respected for regarding the welfare of the people she studied as her primary obligation and for never forgetting that they were fellow human beings rather than chance vehicles and vessels of cultural information precious to science. As a result of these attitudes, she encountered little resistance to her purely ethnological work, collected highly secret data with relative ease, and maintained the good will of her informants for those who might follow after her in pursuit of scientific information. La Flesche recounted that a traditional ceremony was held as a special expression of thanks to Fletcher for her work in behalf of the tribe. At the close of the ceremony, the leader "told Miss Fletcher that she was free to study this and any other tribal rites."

She maintained generally excellent relations with both colleagues and informants by a combination of humor, patience, total unselfishness, and lack of vindictiveness when crossed. Her small stature and seeming frailty apparently disarmed those who had no inkling of her determination and reserves of strength. During one field trip she suffered a severe siege of "inflammatory rheumatism" which was to leave her crippled for the rest of her life. As she lay on her bed of pain, her Indian friends gathered daily to cheer and console her with songs. She later transcribed a large number of songs which she had heard, displaying a musical aptitude and memory that were astonishing in view of her painful illness.

The pity, of course, is that the full strength of such determination and such unquestioning faith in the still untested theories of a young science should have been thrust behind programs for Indian welfare that were so tragically inappropriate to Indian needs and wants.

A NOTE ON SOURCES

This study of Alice Fletcher is based on a longer work comparing the careers of six "Women in Early American Anthropology," to be published in a volume of essays, *Pioneers of American Anthropology*, University of Washington Press. I have drawn upon a number of obituaries for factual information concerning Fletcher, particularly those by Walter Hough (American Anthropologist, 25:2, 254-258, 1923), Charles F. Lummis (*Art and Archeology*, Vol 15, 75-76, 1923), and Francis La Flesche (*Science*, Vol. 58, 115-116, August 17, 1923). The anonymous article, "Alice Fletcher Memorial Meeting" (*El Palacio*, 15:5, 83-88, 1923), and *Buckskin and Blanket Days* by Thomas Henry Tibbles (New York, 1957; written in 1905), provided much of the material concerning Fletcher's personality and relationships with informants and colleagues. Tibbles, incidently, takes full credit for the Dawes Act of 1887.

Margaret Mead's book, *The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe* (New York, 1932) and my own field observations on the Omaha and the Nebraska Winnebago in 1950 and 1954, as well as continuing research among the Wisconsin Winnebago and other tribes,

provided comparative assessments of the effects of allotment and similar measures, such as Indian homesteads, to the present day. Detailed accounts of the Dawes Severalty Act and related legislation, including a dispassionate appraisal of the forces of benevolence playing into the hands of land speculators and other selfish interest in regard to allotment, may be found in *Indians and Other Americans* (New York, 1959) by Harold C. Fay and D'Arcy McNickle and in McNickle's shorter study, *They Came Here First* (New York, 1949). In addition, I have made some use of Fletcher's personal correspondence, now on file at the Smithsonian Institution (for which I would like to express my thanks to the archivist, Mrs. M. Blaker), and of her published works, which are listed in the Hough obituary, particularly those regarding her associations with various philanthropic societies concerned with Indian welfare.

Fletcher's career holds particular interest for me in view of my own work in applied anthropology. I find in the work of this earliest and generally unrecognized pioneer a cautionary reminder that "experts" may still be too prone to trust their good intentions and scientific knowledge rather than their informant's own assessment of his wants and goals.

Tapeworm Tickets *continued*

ways prevent any knowledge of their form and character from getting into the hands of the enemy. But with all this care, sometimes the style and character of tickets became known to opponents through ways that would not always bear investigation."

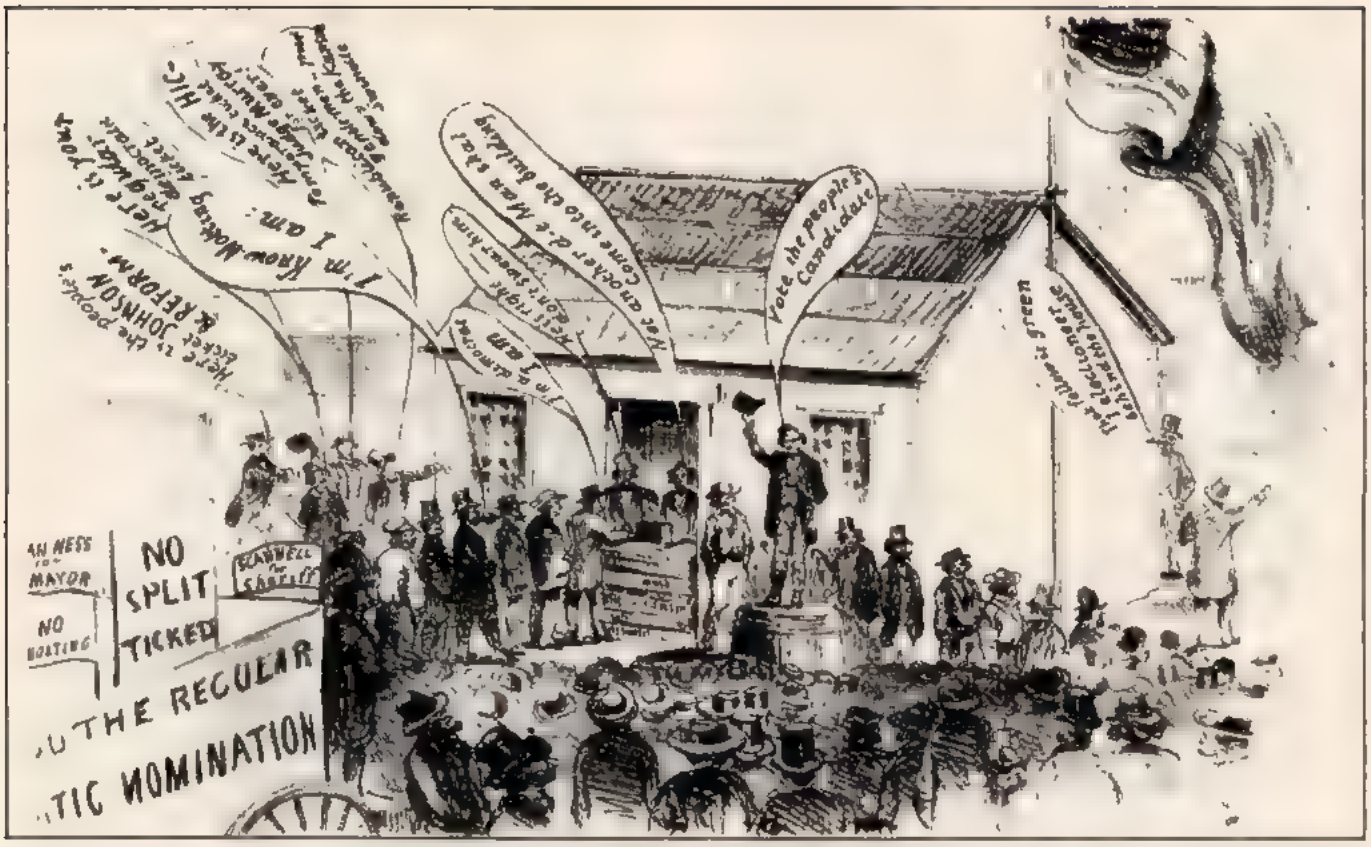
A split in the Republican party in Vallejo in the 1860's gave Leach valuable personal experience in ballotogeniture. Vallejo, stimulated by the construction of a railroad and by some heavy work orders at Mare Island Navy Yard, was enjoying one of its periodic booms, and the population had more than trebled in three years. Most of the newcomers were Republicans without ties to the local party heirarchy. They took control of the county committee and nominated for sheriff a candidate odious to the established "Independents." Enraged, the "Independents" decided to field an opposition ticket, identical in size and color to the "regular" ticket but carrying the name of another candidate for sheriff. But by midnight on the eve of the election, they had not been able to learn what the "regular" ballot looked like. Still, as Leach relates, they proved equal to the challenge:

> Upon hasty consultation, it was decided an agent should proceed to San Francisco and obtain a supply of all the different colored paper possible to be used. This necessitated a perilous rowboat trip across Carquinez Straits and the chartering of a locomotive for the run to Oakland, but the agent was at the doors of the San Francisco paper store when they opened in the morning, and within two or three hours afterward the desired stock of colored papers was in my office, a printing office friendly to the Independents. Presses were made ready with the forms of the Independent tickets. Runners, fleet of foot, were stationed at the polls to secure a copy of the first "regular" ticket that should show itself. The managers of the "regulars" were so confident of having headed off the opposition in the matter of style of tickets that the ballots were freely given out, but within twenty minutes, to their great surprise, the "regulars" found the opposition had matched the color of their ballots and these tickets were being used to the disadvantage of the "regulars." They immediately changed the color of their tickets, but again, within a few moments, the insurgents had matched the new issue. Again and again the change of color was made, only to be met by the opposition. The "regulars," driven to desperation by these tactics, finally refused to give tickets to a voter except at the ballot box, where he would have no chance to exchange it for the tickets of the other side without detection. By these methods the "regulars" won the election by a narrow margin.

It was in Vallejo's school of "higher statesmanship" (as Boss Martin Kelly of San Francisco called it), that creative ballot design reached its apex in the autumn of 1871. For several years, the local Republican organization had been modifying the traditional ballot, which was usually about five or six inches long and two or three inches wide, to make it harder to scratch out or overpaste. The type size dwindled; the names moved closer together; the lines ran in zigzags, curves, and circles. At last, for the September 6th election, a party zealot devised the ineluctable, unexpungable, irrefrangible ballot known ever since as the "Vallejo Tapeworm." It was five and a quarter inches long and slightly over half an inch wide, and it contained the names of twenty-six candidates, from constable to governor, and two constitutional amendments, printed in "diamond" type so small that it was barely legible to the naked eye. On the back was an intricate pattern of oblique green lines. Unalterable and inimitable, the Tapeworm ballot guaranteed absolute party loyalty: no one could paste over it, no one could write a substitute upon it, no one could reproduce it. As it turned out, hardly any one could stomach it, either.

The indignant old guard of Vallejo Republicanism brought out a facsimile on thin, gummed paper, which could be pasted over the entire face of the Tapeworm. But Frank Leach, who was again on the side of the dissidents, reported that "very few tickets with the entire face pasted over" were found in the boxes when the count was over.

Up and down the state, newspapers editorialized: things had really gone *too far!* In Congress they talked about the black iniquity of California politics; and for



CARTOONS OF 1856 COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

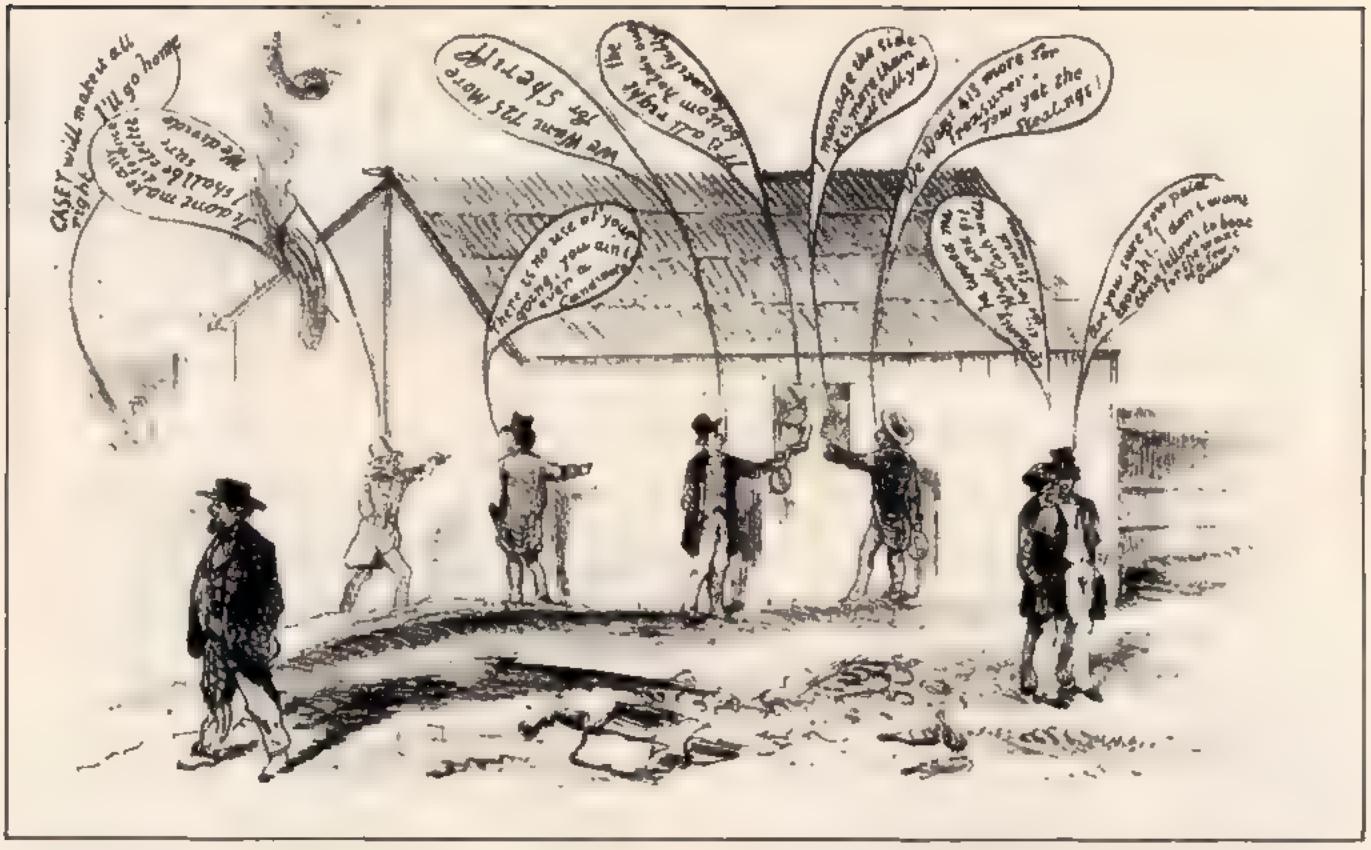
years the Republicans of Solano county wore like a stigma the Mark of the Tapeworm. The scandal was compounded by an equally ingenious ballot used by the Democrats in Sacramento at the same election, and by a repeat performance in Vallejo at a judicial election a month later. (The judicial ballot carried five names and offices on a filch of pasteboard less than one-quarter inch wide and three and a half inches long.)

Shortly afterward, the Governor appointed a commission to draw up revisions to the California political code; and the following year, on recommendation of the commission, the State Legislature voted that candidates and parties would thereafter distribute tickets printed on a uniform size and style of watermarked paper to be supplied by the Secretary of State. The ballot would be four inches wide and twelve inches long; the names and offices would be printed in black ink and in straight lines; and there would be no more heraldry or squiggles to decorate the ticket.

Almost as an afterthought, the Legislature also banned the printing of election ballots in invisible nitrate of silver, which would darken like a photographic negative on exposure to light, introducing new names after the ballot had been dropped into the box.

California's Uniform Ballot reforms of 1872 were neither the first nor last attempt to purify the sullied elections of the Far West. The Registry Act of 1866, which required each county to keep a book of voter affidavits, was considered very progressive at the time, although it was easy enough to wedge in a few fictitious names, or to vote one's cronies in the name of someone who had moved or died. And there were other acts of "reform" in the seventies and eighties. But a series of legislative enactments, listed in historic sequence, gives a quite misleading impression of orderly progress: in 1874, a California governor signed a bill enlarging the size of the official ballot and making it illegal to sell or give away intoxicants on election day; four years later, another governor confirmed an act of the Legislature requiring that every ballot be imprinted with a party symbol registered with the county clerk.

Scoundrels still endured; and the power of ambition, of friendship, of ignorance, of money, of imperfection, continued to begrime the democratic ballot. When a new


CASEY will make us all right
I'll go home
I come more for principle than for the money
We defends
I shall be elected
We Want 125 More
There is no use of your voting, you ain't even a Candidate
I manage the Side
You get 4/5 more for transferring
You get the Stealings!
You are sure you paid
I don't want

generation of vigilantes rediscovered political corruption in the 1890's, it was ravaging the very same members of the body: the individual voter, the election officer, the local committeeman. The "Delaware System," direct and simple-minded, had replaced more elaborate styles of ballot-riggery. A party worker, after buying a voter and seeing the vote cast as promised, would simply lead his hireling to a back room near the polling place; and there the purchase-money would be paid. Some trusted clerk, with a sly smile on his lips, would enter the name—and the price—in a sort of Doomsday Book, carefully guarded for use at the next election.

Candidates still had to hustle their own ballots like bags of peanuts. A nonpartisan coalition, running in San Francisco in the late 1880's, spent $3800 on its campaign: $3100 for printing and distributing ballots, the rest for rent and other expenses. The nonpartisans revealed, with evident pride, that they had spent only $700 to hire ticket peddlers on election day, whereas each of the regular parties had spent $1760 to station two peddlers at every polling place. The nonpartisans lost.

Often the so-called ticket-peddlers were spiritual descendants of the gold rush shoulder strikers. In one 1890 municipal election, voters in a crucial precinct had to climb a 30-foot ladder to get to the ballot box—and a devoted party worker stood below, threatening to shake the ladder if the citizen should cast a heterodox vote. The ballot (unencumbered by stultifying state restrictions) was printed on translucent paper, so that a precinct captain, by holding it to the light, could detect any scratch marks. They called it the Isinglass Ticket.

To would-be reformers, the next logical step toward utopian civilization was government printing of uniform ballots. The Australian ballot system, adopted by California in 1891, closed the door at last on pudding tickets, isinglass tickets, tapeworms, and shoulder strikers. California now required voters to register every two years—and the registrant had to record not only his name and age, but also his height, complexion, color of hair and eyes, visible marks or scars, place of birth, and place of residence. The state would furnish ballots for state elections, the city for municipal elections. The voter would mark his choice by putting a cross after the candidate's name with a small rubber stamp. No more pasters in

the polling booth, and no more pencils under the fingernail.

The Australian system was proof even against the Tasmanian Trick, wherein the party boss supplied his hireling with a ballot already marked in favor of the Man of the Future; the voter would slip the prepared ballot into the box and bring a clean ballot back to party headquarters. Under the Australian system, each ballot would have a numbered stub in the voting book, and the ticket offered to the election officer would have to carry the same number as the stub.

Perhaps it is cynical to observe at this point that the most flagrant instances of municipal misgovernment in California's history occurred *after* the adoption of the Australian ballot system. But in view of the variety of transgressions that are specifically forbidden (hence suggested) in the election code, it is cause for rejoicing when *any* election is conducted with a semblance of decency. On the evidence, ballot corruption is, if not the second, surely the third oldest profession. The question is not, "What can be done about it?" but "What will they think of next?"

Legacy of the Wild West *continued*

but in no way *revolutionizes* the study. In defense of Webb, he confines himself to the subject. White appropriates Webb's material in order to make his own investigations appear applicable to almost any area of research. To link the Colt revolver to questionable medieval tinkerings with a blunderbuss, barbed wire to medieval draw-plates, and the windmill to the doodlings of Jacopo Mariano Taccola is trivial historical casuistry.

Lastly, much of Professor White's flamboyant display of erudition and authoritative knowledge of technology, despite impressive annotation, is reasonably suspect. Misconceptions as to the essential nature of many devices and customs from Tibetan prayer-cylinders to clipper ships abound. As one medieval scholar has commented regarding White's vigorous negative conclusions, extrapolated from fragmentary evidence which infelicitously confounds his most sacrosanct hypotheses, "Where everything is uncertain it is not difficult to show that any proposed date rests on uncertain foundations."

Professor White appears to follow the principle, "If the critter ain't got a brand on it, it's mine." Acceptance of this principle leads easily to more venal sins—such as the failure to acknowledge Sir Mortimer Wheeler's evidence for the existence of nailed horseshoes in the fourth century when it is inconvenient to the theory to have them appear in Europe this early.

If the European Middle Ages left sign on the American West more noticeable than the cold track of a lizard's ghost across forty sections of salt flats, it is not to be found in the fact that some medieval gadgets were being used, with or without improvement, by somebody, someplace, sometime later on. Nor is it to be found in the observation that "the larger part of man's ecology is what is inside his skull"—especially when the skull concerned was four to five centuries removed from Henry Osborne Taylor's "Medieval Mind," and had accumulated in the interval a residue from the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Acts of Enclosure, the Enlightenment, the Romantic Movement, the Glorious and Inglorious Revolutions of England and France, the agricultural and industrial revolutions, and the visitation of Napoleon Bonaparte. To invoke a "down-to-earth" insight such as White professed to admire in the scholarship of Walter Prescott Webb, the most fundamental aspect of historical continuity linking the development of the West with the European Middle Ages is ceaseless expansion through colonization and land settlement.

Roman civilization had come to be fundamentally maritime, mercantile, and urban. This is not to say that Romans did not engage in extensive farming, but Roman society by the second century A.D. had roughly reached its limits, and apart from occasional punitive sallies beyond their fantastic walls, Romans were non-expansionist and content to remain Mediterraneanized. The agrarian societies of the Middle Ages, however, manifested considerable restless energy. The tranquil village, characterized by the stodgy and stultifying traits which inspired Marx to coin the phrase, "the idiocy of rural life," nevertheless managed continuously to send shoots into the backwoods. The Middle Ages witnessed the beginnings of land hunger. Trees were felled and forests cleared. Monastic institutions established daughter colonies, and austere monks worked with penitent peasants, teaching them to perfect agricultural techniques and encouraging them to bring fresh land under cultivation.

Even in eastern and European Russia, generally considered a sink of cultural stagnation, this constant process of migration persisted as forest receded from prairie. If medieval technology and consequent social attitudes were related to this ground-swell of expansion, the concept of a legacy might have some meaning.

Viewed against this background, the conquest of the Atlantic, colonization of the New World, and the Westward Movement represents a continuation of European civilization's urge to expand. A pattern is established: agricultural advance accompanied by an increase in food supply and an increase in population . . . the appearance of cities as centers of exchange, consumption, and distribution . . . the eventual domination of urban over rural areas until, ultimately, the face of the earth is reduced to a composite of concrete, plastic, and glass. It is a pattern that invites comparisons. The experience of the American West might, indeed, shed light on medieval experience. Because we *know* what happened in the United States, it is possible to suggest the pattern of development in the Middle Ages where documentary evidence is scanty and conflicting.

This, however, only introduces the problem, and at this point the usefulness of the "Medieval Legacy" comes to an end. Henceforth, what is important is that agricultural growth and expansion assumed a form very different from that of Europe. Property was not a medieval concept, but it became fundamental in the United States. When new land was taken up, it was not taken up by lords and serfs, nor did the communal medieval village appear on the western frontier. The land was appropriated by independent farmers who lived on consolidated plots to which their title was vested in a deed. A study of comparative frontiers would reveal that the medieval legacy in the United States was, thankfully, almost *nil*. In Canada, where medieval forms of land tenure were occasionally introduced experimentally by the French, the incipient manorial system collapsed. In Mexico, where bastardized medieval practices gained some foothold, the country, despite a series of revolutions embroidered with left-wing slogans, remained relatively regressive. Russia has not yet surmounted the obstacles imposed by a grim medieval legacy that lingered tenaciously until 1917.

If we turn from tangible institutions to what man carries "inside his skull," we are confronted with another argument of Professor White which the facts of western history fail to support. New external problems rarely produce novel solutions, he asserts, in defiance of Toynbee's theory of "challenge and response." Men only approach problems with the "mental, emotional, and technical equipment" which they have in stock. The American wilderness was subdued by "rabble" (says White) whose mental, emotional, and technical equipment was that of the medieval lower classes. A primary expression of this was in the field of religious attitudes. That these religious attitudes were a product of the Reformation rather than the Middle Ages, is a fact which Professor White accommodates to his thesis by declaring the Reformation itself to be the culmination of medieval religious trends. Medieval aspects of the Reformation are taken for granted by most contemporary scholars, but here again we have gross oversimplification of an extremely intricate problem. All forms of religious enthusiasm, puritanism, mysticism, and fundamentalism which characterized American religion from Salem and Cain Ridge to Salt Lake City and contemporary Los Angeles cannot be construed as medieval. The Middle Ages produced Duns Scotus, St. Thomas, Abelard, Gregory VII, and Innocent III as well as St. Francis, Bonaventura, the Albigensians, Walter-the-Penniless, and Peter the Hermit. Moreover, the ancient world produced parallel types. It is more acute to adopt William James' classification of varieties of religious experience and examine the conditions under which varied types become prevalent than to rely upon a bankrupt hypothesis of linear transmission, which only confuses issues by recklessly smearing the term "medieval" over areas to which it is inapplicable.

If one considers the types of religious experience shared by the inhabitants of the frontier as medieval, one is compelled to face the fact that these types continue to flourish today—as do Stone Age mentalities. But, happily, they do not determine the course of history. Nor did such types dominate the Westward Movement. In the settlement of the West, the Land Ordinance of 1787—an inspired application of Cartesian rationalism and enlightened humanitarianism as filtered through the cultivated minds of such men as Jefferson—made possible the inclusion of newly settled territories in the political union on a basis of equality with the original thirteen states. This was probably the most important document in the history of westward expansion and there was nothing medieval about its conception. To regard its guiding principles as a manifestation of medieval pluralism would be a distortion bearing even less rele-

vance to constitutionalism than a medieval hanging to a western lynching bee.

The common "horny-handed plowmen" accepted these enlightened doctrines. They accepted land-grant educational institutions, the principles behind the Homestead Act, and the aspirations of "forty acres and a mule." Moreover, they set to the tasks of cultivation with independent vigor, initiative, and a lively empiricism. While illiterate Russian *muzhiks* were objecting to metal plows because iron poisoned the ground, the western farmer was reading *Poor Richard's Almanack* and investing in McCormick and Hussey reapers.

Professor White would attribute the origins of science to the Franciscan friars and Ockham's nominalism, but most intellectual historians and epistemologists still hesitate to grow lyrical over mature scientific treatises before Francis Bacon, and reserve doubts about the scientific value of the *Novum Organum*. Without the Copernican revolution, and without such inventors and entrepreneurs as Arkwright, Cartwright, Boulton, and Watt, the history of the American West would have been quite different. But it is difficult to conceive of the American West being seriously handicapped if Aelfric's eleventh-century illuminated manuscript had not depicted Joseph riding in a mobile hammock. The distance between the American West and the Middle Ages is best represented by Mark Twain, for whom there is no medieval counterpart and whose Connecticut Yankee raised considerable dust in King Arthur's court.

The object of the closing section of this critique has been to substitute a meaningful statement of the relationship between the European Middle Ages and the American West for the barren thesis of a legacy. But the task is close to impossible—like that of the blind cowhand groping about the unlit barn on a moonless night looking for a black calf that wasn't there. Instead of a "detailed and massive continuity," there is only the ordinary and inevitable linkage that hitches any society to its successors. In fact, breaches loom far more important than bridges. If, however, we discard the sterile concept of a linear legacy and consider the more subtle interrelationships of history, some suggestive observations can be made. Even Professor White has pointed out that an innovation merely opens a door and that acceptance or rejection of a device depends upon the nature of society. By adding another dimension to this more sophisticated approach to history, it is possible to postulate that societies demonstrating similarities in social conditions will tend to produce similar techniques and value structures independently of direct lines of cultural inheritance, although history has *never* repeated itself. A fascinating parallel in this context is to be observed in the manner in which many of the trappings of feudal society reappeared under certain economic and social conditions in the American West. Specifically, let us consider the chivalric ideal.

Chivalry, genetically, is "horse culture." In his *Medieval Technology and Social Change*, Professor White attributes the ascendancy of the horse and the entire feudal structure—including its ethos—to the advent of the stirrup (which he arbitrarily dates in the eighth century) and its brilliantly imaginative exploitation by Charles Martel, who alone "comprehended" it and thereby revolutionized medieval warfare. This, of course, is another oversimplification. As an obvious non-equestrian, Professor White, like the Anglo-Saxons whom he denigrates for lack of perspicacity, does not fully comprehend this simple device. While the stirrup aids a rider in keeping his seat, it is not decisive. One can be "grassed" with or without stirrups. Moreover, stirrups are ornery things to get tangled in. Well trained infantry never lost the capacity to give cavalry a rough time, to which the unhappy exhibitions of elegantly equipped medieval knights at Bannockburn and Courtrai give evidence. The Golden Horde and the Plains Indians performed remarkably well without stirrups. The utility of the stirrup was primarily in mounting and dismounting, which became extremely important when knights clad themselves in very heavy armor. Effective mounted cavalry and feudalism were products of a complex of variables which did not necessarily require the stirrup. When the stirrup appeared, it was of no greater significance for the overall structure of society than the addition of the barb to a stretch of wire.

With or without the stirrup, the horse was intrinsic to feudal society, and the man who risked his bones on the back of one of these valiant and unstable beasts acquired the status of nobility. Likewise, in the American West the horse became indispensable in the aristocratic enterprise of running cows on great expanses of natural range, where other forms of locomotion were unfeasible. And like the medieval knight, the Western cowhand, in his perilous and adventuresome occupation, attained a type of nobility and began to acquire in both fact and legend some of the traits reflected in the life and literature of the Middle Ages. The code of Western

honor, in which loyalty to one outfit rather than another and a resistance to the intruding claims of feudal or local government, displays a curious similarity to the Chivalric Code with its concepts of fealty and homage. Many great Western "spreads" came to resemble fiefs, and the brand became an emblem as capable of inspiring pride and commanding allegiance as any medieval coat of arms. The cattle empire developed its own heraldry and maintained its own "Round Table"—with the aid of a good "dough-wrangler." If the profit motive was the core of this system, it became beautifully veiled.

How many Western ballads (a medieval genre), yarns, films, and television scripts have depicted the cowhand as a sort of knight-errant, a roaming saddle-bum who drifts about the country rescuing widows and orphans from rustlers and mortgage-shakers, righting wrongs, and performing generous acts of mercy? How many range gunmen have been converted into western Robin Hoods? Some are portrayed as loners—mysterious strangers—like their medieval counterparts, the knight-in-the-black-armor or the knight who never raised his vizor and screened his identity by carrying an unemblazoned shield. Some are followed by a companion, a vassal if he is a peer, a squire if a protegé, a Sancho Panza if a buffoon. It could be maintained that these traditions are purely literary without reference to conditions on the Western frontier, but the argument would be unconvincing. The contemporary junior executive does not seem groomed for these roles. He is better off in a gray-flannel suit wrestling with his neurotic middle-class conscience.

Let us consider the *rodeo* which, like jousting and the medieval tournament, emerged from practicing and perfecting the skills which were necessary in daily work. Even in "decline," the *rodeo* has suffered the same fate as the medieval tournament. As society grows increasingly urban, the nostalgia for the past and the tendency to glamorize its customs is intensified, and like the glorious tournaments of the Renaissance (Francis I and Henry VIII on the Field of the Cloth of Gold), which became ritual extravaganzas with no relevance to the art of war, so modern *rodeo* has lost all connection with the authentic arts of working cattle. Other parallels suggest themselves. The purification of corrupted monasteries during the Cluniac and Cistercian Reforms reveals astounding similarities to the "cleaning up" of centers of frontier iniquity by romanticized U. S. Marshals. Dodge City has more in common with Monte Cassino than Minnie's saloon has with medieval distilleries of *usquebaugh*. But development of these themes must be suspended for the moment.

The point is that meaningful and exciting relationships can be observed between periods and cultures in history which on the surface seem remote from one another. But these are not what Professor White chose to examine. He has preferred to exploit themes which are artificial and forced, and only succeeds in putting the history of the West out of focus. Nevertheless, his resourcefulness in spreading the "results" of his restricted area of research over such wide territory invites a certain type of admiration. His scholarship reminds me of a story Emma Rogers once told about a grub-line rider she had put temporarily on the payroll out of medieval Christian charity. The cowhand had a slab-sided roan and a rig with the hide "all wore off." Not knowing the country, he had ridden in circles for three days and finally showed up at the ranch herding one thin cow and her calf. Emma and Gene Daniels watched him from the porch with a combination of disgust and amusement.

"That's a mighty pore hunk of buzzard-bait that there feller's been ridin'," Gene remarked contemptuously as the chuck-liner steered his critters toward the corrals.

"Yep," Emma replied, "but you got to hand it to him. He rid it a powerful long way."

Materials on the history of science and technology are extensive. Professor Lynn White's *Medieval Technology and Social Change* (Oxford, 1962) contains no conventional bibliography, but the references listed throughout the text and notes are useful.

The outstanding comprehensive work in the field, however, is the five volume *History of Technology* edited by Charles Singer, E. J. Holmyard, A. R. Hall, and Trevor I. Williams, and published by the Oxford University Press, 1954-1958. Essays in this remarkable compilation maintain uniformly high standards of scholarly excellence and are, at the same time, eminently readable. The fourth and fifth volumes dealing with the Industrial Revolution and the Nineteenth Century contain considerable material relevant to the development of the United States and Canada. The bibliographies at the conclusion of each chapeter are simple and convenient.

Frederick Jackson Turner's theses on the significance of the frontier and of sectionalism in American history have been ridden ragged. His work should be mentioned, nevertheless, because it is seminal to any discussion of the cultural heritage and legacies, inherited or bequeathed, of the American West. Walter Prescott Webb's *The Great Plains* (New York, 1931) is labored and uninspired.

Two reviews of Professor White's *Medieval Technology and Social Change* (1962) which transcend the conventional mutual-adoration tributes characteristic of the reviewers in American academic journals are those of A. R. Bridbury of the London School of Economics in the *Economic History Review*, Vol. XV, pp. 371-372; and R. W. Southern of Oxford University in *History of Science*, Vol. II, pp. 130-135.

(Editor's note) : *The following bit of medical marginalia is lifted bodily from the pages of a publication entitled* Life and Scenes Among the Kickapoo Indians, *a promotional booklet issued by the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company, a colorful pharmaceutical organization owned and operated by snake-oil entrepreneurs Texas Charley Bigelow and Colonel John Healy. For those readers who might enjoy a more thorough examination of frontier medicine, we commend Professor Arrell M. Gibson's "Medicine Show," an article forthcoming in the Winter, 1967 issue of* The American West.

★ MELANCHOLY ★

One of the most fearful of the whole group of dyspeptic symptoms, and the miserable hypochondriac who has been tortured almost for a lifetime with this terrible disease might as well be inclosed in a living tomb. Irritable, melancholic, fretful, suspicious of his nearest and best of friends, always anticipating evil and dreading its approach, death to such an one would be a welcome termination of suffering. But there is hope for even him, and a remedy, which if perservered in will work a miraculous change. A light nutricious diet, change of air and scene, and a judicious treatment with *Kickapoo Indian Sagwa* will convert the pitiable dyspeptic into a healthy, cheerful member of society—a blessing to himself and those around him.

***Treatment.*—A suitable place of retreat and security should be provided, which should be light, airy, pleasant and cheerful . . . and strict attention should be paid to the patient's cleanliness, and to the regular discharge of the bowels and urine. *Kickapoo Indian Sagwa* will readily accomplish the latter objects, and by its efficient blood-purifying properties, will soon produce an altered state of things, if not a permanent cure. There never was a case of melancholy known among the Kickapoo Indians, the fact being attributable not only to their perfectly healthy system, and the free, invigorating air which they breathe, but because their blood is kept *constantly* and *continually* pure in health by this same *Kickapoo Indian Sagwa*, whose virtues are so extensively appreciated. There need be no melancholy where *Kickapoo Indian Sagwa* is obtainable. It should be regularly and judiciously administered.**

The Dude from Limerick *continued*

They ran short of food and on Monday had to leave Geyserland for Mammoth Hot Springs, with a pause at Dunraven Pass to climb Mount Washburn. After Mammoth, they hunted as they rode down the Yellowstone, but Montana's game had mysteriously vanished. Even good grass was scarce, and the horses were falling down from weakness before they found food back at Boteler's Ranch.

But somehow the gloomy end of the expedition didn't matter. Dunraven and his friends had had enough excitement. They were glad to pay Fred Boteler his due and quit the country, by way of Fort Ellis and Virginia City again. The stage ride thereafter to Corinne, Utah, was a horror of discomfort and delay. The party—Dunraven, Kingsley, Captain Wynne, Texas Jack, and the two servants—arrived at Corinne's Union Pacific station eighteen hours late. They were worn out and sulky, but luck was with them. The eastbound express came in just as they did.

They recovered their good spirits quickly on the train. Dunraven closed *The Great Divide* with these lines:

> How luxurious appeared the Pullman car, how smooth the motion, how soft the cushions, how snug the beds! With what awe did our unaccustomed eyes regard the ladies! How gorgeous they appeared, how graceful they were, how marvelous their costumes and how stupendous their back hair! How extraordinary seemed the harmonium, and the singing thereto! How full of pictures were the periodicals, how full of lies the newspapers! How clean one felt in a "boiled rag" and fresh suit of clothes, and how sound we all slept that night!

Theodore Whyte carried on alone with the Estes Park project during 1875. Lord Dunraven was out of touch most of the time. He was busy hunting moose and cari-

bou in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. He stopped in New York at the Brevoort now and then, and when he yearned to see mountains, he visited the Fifth Avenue galleries where Albert Bierstadt's stunning Rockies landscapes were displayed. Often the artist himself was around—a handsome, courtly man in his mid-forties. Bierstadt had been born in Düsseldorf, Germany, but had grown up in Massachusetts. He had gone to Düsseldorf as a youth to study landscape, and went West in the late fifties with Frederick W. Lander, the Washington engineer who was building the Central Overland Route to California. The Lander Cut-Off part of the route had taken Bierstadt past various Rockies—Laramie Peak near Fort Laramie, for example, and the Wind Rivers at South Pass, and Lander Peak in western Wyoming.

He had sketched them all. Back in New York, he had used the sketches in developing a lush and sensational way of painting mountains on a grand scale. By 1865 he was the nation's best-paid landscape painter, which was not surprising since only millionaires had enough room in their homes for his huge canvases. From his Rockies specialty he had branched out to make showpieces of other piles of stone out West, including Mount Whitney, Mount Hood, and Mount Sir Donald in the Selkirks of Canada.

When Lord Dunraven returned to Estes Park in the late fall of 1876, he brought Albert Bierstadt out with him. The earl wanted one of those spectacular landscapes to hang with his game trophies at Adare, and Longs Peak seemed a perfect subject. Also, the artist could advise him on the placing of the proposed English Hotel, the lumber for which had been cut by Theodore Whyte and piled along Fish Creek. Bierstadt went happily to work sketching Longs Peak from every angle and in all lights and weathers, while Dunraven tried out his Fish Creek cottage and his hunting lodge in Dunraven Glade. The lodge was well equipped. It even had a whiskey cave so that Dunraven could always count on a "wee droppie."

By mid-January of '77, Bierstadt was through sketching. Dunraven had another elk trophy, and it was time to head east. The earl was not sorry to go. He had enjoyed the hunting, but everything else at Estes depressed him now. He could not understand how things had come to such a pass. His original plan for the park had been merely the whim of a sportsman and nature-lover seeking variety. He had never intended to make a career of the place.

Estes these days was bringing him nothing but pain. Many of the homestead filings which Haig and Whyte had arranged were being challenged in the Colorado courts. Men were squatting on choice Estes tracts near Black Canyon and in Moraine Park—tracts which had cost Dunraven thousands of dollars. The squatters charged that he held them illegally. The Denver newspapers treated him like a criminal for doing what native land-grabbers were admired for doing. Wild yarns were appearing in print about a rascal in dude clothes who claimed to be Dunraven. The imposter ran up bills and behaved scandalously in Blake Street's bawdy houses. The earl knew that it was useless to protest.

It was all most upsetting, worse than his parents' High-Low Church dispute in his childhood. It robbed him of happiness and he could not allow that, and so he began a policy of visiting Estes infrequently, briefly, and incognito. He was present with Albert Bierstadt when Theodore Whyte opened the English Hotel in the summer of '77—and wished he hadn't been. Soon after, the tale spread that a righteous room clerk kicked the earl out of his own hotel when he demanded (allegedly) lodging for himself and a young lady. The tale was pattern folklore. It would be applied later to Winfield Scott Stratton, the Cripple Creek gold king, who was mortgage-owner of the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, and to Spencer Penrose, owner of the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs.

The earl had one last hunt up Dunraven Glade in 1880 and a farewell "wee droppie" from his whiskey cave. Then he left Estes Park for good and all—left the noble Longs Peak and his gabled cottage and English Hotel and the Evans ranch on Fish Creek, his Swiss cattle herd and the 6600 acres of beautiful land which remained his after the lawsuits. In '83, he leased everything to Theodore Whyte, and in 1907 he sold out completely. One of the purchasers of the Dunraven property was Freelan O. Stanley, who had invented the Stanley Steamer auto with his twin brother.

And so the Dunraven era of Estes Park ended, and the modern era began.

The earl lived on and on, honorably, usefully, fully—and joyously, as he had planned to do as a child. He opposed sweatshop labor in the House of Lords and worked for Irish land reform against his own interests. He served Queen Victoria as her Undersecretary for the Colonies from 1885 to 1887 in Lord Salisbury's administration. At the century's turn he joined the cavalry

in the Boer War. He operated his yacht *Grianaig* as a hospital ship through World War I. Sailing was his greatest pleasure next to roaming the deep woods. He raced his yachts *Valkyrie II* and *Valkyrie III* for the America's Cup off New York in 1893 and 1895, losing both races. He protested the second race on the grounds that commercial spectator boats were permitted to run on the course, and he was struck off the membership of the New York Yacht Club. Basically his protest opposed the trend from amateur sport to professionalism. It nearly caused a break of diplomatic relations between Britain and the United States.

To the end he was a gay blade, tall, lean, handsome, trim, and debonair. He had a gusto which can only be described as derived from the pride of being British. He loved horses, the sea, pipe-smoking, smart clothes, euchre, whiskey, and good food—especially canvasback ducks, soft-shelled crabs, and corn on the cob. He loved intelligent conversation, and lovely women to look at. He loved his London clubs and restaurants—the Beefsteak, the Garrick, the Savage, the Blue Post in Cork Street, Long's Hotel in Bond Street, the Pall Mall. He knew celebrities on both sides of the ocean—Oscar Wilde, Texas Jack, Lord Strathcona, Buffalo Bill, Lord Kitchener, James McNeill Whistler, General Sherman, Sir John McDonald, Jay Gould, John Singer Sargent, and Sam Ward, the famed Washington lobbyist. The novelist Elinor Glyn, creator of those shocking love stories *Three Weeks*, *His Hour*, and *Six Days*, was a favorite of Dunraven's—"gifted in many respects," he wrote of her, "and in literature a genius."

He died at eighty-five in London on June 14, 1926—a time when the elk were leaving Estes for summer pasture in higher country, and people with shovels were arriving in Dunraven Glade to look for the cave where his whiskey was supposed to be buried.

My view of the fourth Earl of Dunraven is based on his own writings, beginning with his remarkable book, *The Great Divide, Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of 1874*. I used the second edition (Chatto & Windus, London, 1876). The earl went to the English artist Valentine W. Bromley for illustrations, giving him photos of Rockies scenes and his own rough sketches of particular incidents as a basis for the work.

Some Dunraven data came from his "A Colorado Sketch" (*Appleton's Journal*, New York, November, 1880). There was more in his *Canadian Nights, Being Sketches and Reminiscences of Life and Sport in the Rockies, the Prairies and the Canadian Woods* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1914). The earl's adventures were summarized in his autobiography, *Past Times and Pastimes*, in two volumes (Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1922). I used also *Notes on Sport and Travel*, by the earl's hunting companion, Dr. George Henry Kingsley (Macmillan and Co., London, 1900).

I followed the Dunraven party through Yellowstone Park with the help of *Report of a Reconnaissance from Carrol, Montana Territory, on the Upper Missouri to the Yellowstone Park and Return in the Summer of 1875*, by William Ludlow (Washington, 1876). Other Dunraven data occurred in *Over Hill and Dale*, in two volumes, by Harold Marion Dunning (Boulder, Colorado, 1956 and 1962); in *The Earl, the Artist and Estes Park*, by Dorothy Dengler (Denver Westerners, 1957); in *Denver in Slices*, by Louisa Ward Arps (Denver, 1959); and in articles by Hazel E. Johnson, published in the *Greeley* (Colorado) *Sunday Journal*, June 19 and June 26, 1960.

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This article has been excerpted from Marshall Sprague's *A Gallery of Dudes*, to be published by Little, Brown & Company in January, 1967. The book will be used to accompany an exhibition of art works concerning western dudes being prepared by the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth, Texas.

Candle for the Sun *continued*

men of lumbering and mining and irrigated farming; why we have no poet of our westering save Kipling; why we have no Al Capp to give our westering perspective. I have become wary of any work with "empire" or "kingdom" in its title, and I have come to distinguish, imperfectly and in part, that a second-rate mind cannot produce a first-rate work, no matter how facile the pen nor how generous the advertising budget. I have earned my mistrust of fulsome appellations, such as that of "The Cowboy Artist" for an artist who wrangled horses when he was hungry. I have come to a firm belief that, even as Turner's thesis, our need for Western Americana will endure so long as the memory of our great folk experience endures, and I have come to realize that you cannot write or review or read or teach about the American West without a sense of irony, however small.

Finally, I stand committed to the premise that without the reviewer's candle to illumine the sun of authorship, Western Americana would not reach that audience which needs it, and the larger cause both its authors and this reviewer try to serve would be diminished thereby. So when the nights grow old and the eyes grow strained and the right words have joined the wild bunch, there is consolation in the only lines yet finished in the personal modernization of an ancient ballad: *"First took to reading and then to book writing/Became a reviewer and I knowed I done wrong."*

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

W. Eugene Hollon, *president of the Western History Association, is a former Texan who studied under J. Frank Dobie and Walter Prescott Webb. He is the author of six books on the West and Southwest, the most recent of which is* The Great American Desert. *Professor Hollon has been a member of the history department at the University of Oklahoma since 1945 and will be spending the academic year, 1966-67, on a Fulbright grant in Madrid.*

Karl Young *was born in 1903 in the Uintah Basin, Utah, on the edge of a Ute reservation. The interest in Indians which led him to make his long Odyssey by horseback into the Crow country in 1924 has remained a strong influence in his life. He received his B.A. and his M.A. degrees at Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship and has been in the English Department of Brigham Young University since 1930. His article, "A Fight that Could Have Meant War," appeared in the Spring, 1966, issue of* The American West.

John Greenway *is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado, editor of the* Journal of American Folklore *and* Southwestern Lore, *author of three anthropological works, four college textbooks, two books on folk and primitive music, and* The Inevitable Americans *(N.Y., 1964), an analysis of the American character. He has been described as "the academic proprietor of Woody Guthrie over the last decade," and is an accomplished folk singer with nine record albums to his credit.*

T. H. Watkins *has long had an interest in sundry oddities of Western history, particularly those gadgets which proliferated in the nineteenth century that were ostensibly designed to bring aid and comfort to the daily life of the farmer, the rancher, or the townsman. He is Associate Editor of* The American West *and a professional researcher in the field of Western history.*

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Richard Reinhardt *comes by his knowledge of political methodology naturally, having served as a campaign manager on both the local and national levels. He received his B.A. in International Relations from Stanford University in 1949, and followed that with a graduate degree at the Columbia School of Journalism. He has been a newspaperman for the San Francisco* Chronicle *and in 1957 won a Ford Foundation Fellowship in International Relations. Since 1960 he has supported himself and his family as a free-lance writer, and is currently Associate Editor of* San Francisco Magazine.

Roger Olmsted *is former curator of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, and has written a number of articles dealing with West Coast maritime history.*

Owen Ulph *is Professor of History and Humanities at Reed College, a specialist in medieval and Renaissance history. His article, "Cowhands, Cowhorses, and Cows," appeared in the Winter, 1966, issue of* The American West. *He comes by his interest in western history naturally, having spent a number of years wrangling cattle, and today owns a working horse ranch in Nevada.*

Marshall Sprague *is a former newspaperman who has worked on papers in Tientsin, China, Paris, and New York. In 1941 he went to Colorado to seek a cure for tuberculosis, and has remained there ever since. He has written seven nonfiction books about the mountain West, among which is* Money Mountain, the Story of Cripple Creek Gold, *now in its twelfth printing.*

W. H. Hutchinson *is Guest Lecturer in History at Chico (California) State College, after twenty years as a free-lance writer, reviewer, and lecturer on California and the West. He has held a grant-in-aid for research at the Huntington Library, and received the California Historical Society's "Award of Merit." His latest work,* Oil, Land and Politics, *received the medal of the Commonwealth Club of California for the best Californiana of 1965.*

Those unable to attend the recent WHA Conference in El Paso may especially want to start planning early for next year: San Francisco, at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel, October 12-14. The Program Committee Chairman is Major Oakah L. Jones, Jr., USAF Academy, Colorado 80840.

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The night fog melts in the morning
air . . . but leaves behind its mark—
a stranded coastal steam schooner.

(Merced, Punta Gorda, 1913, total loss.)

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